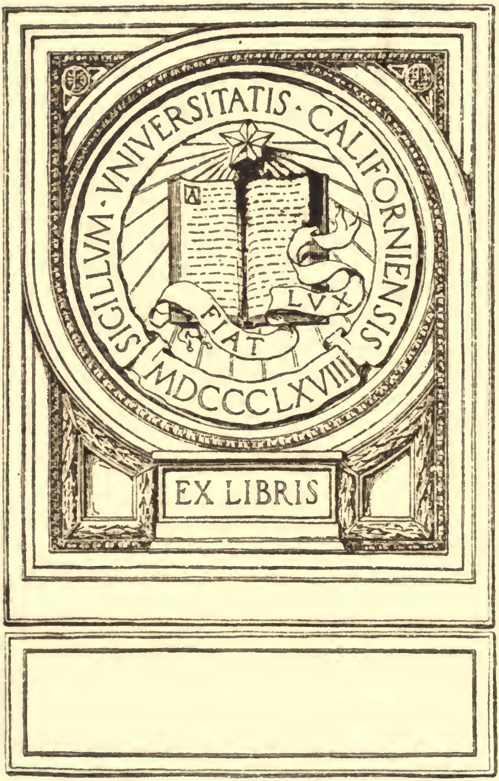

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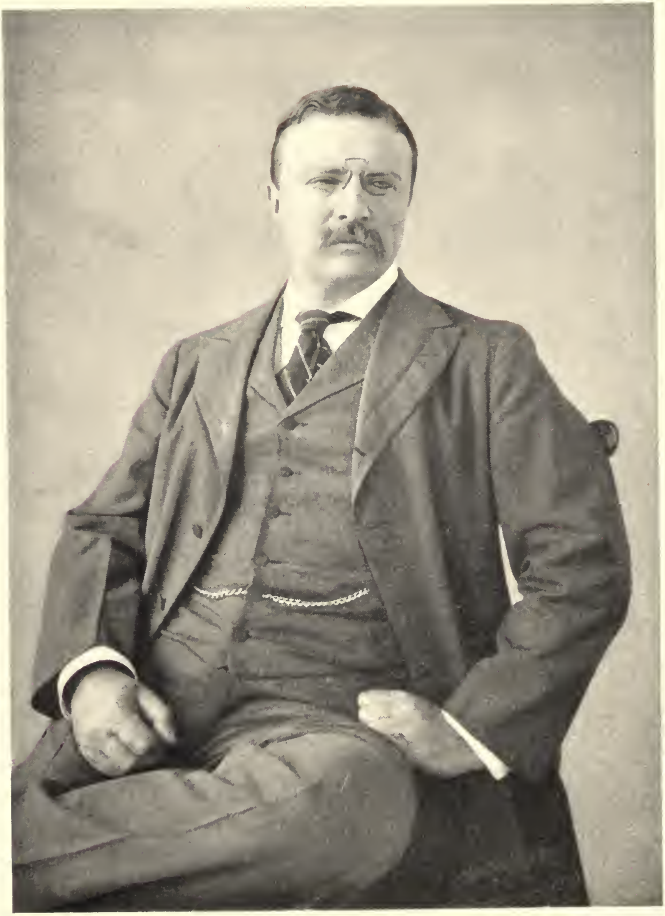

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT TO-DAY.

THE MAN ROOSEVELT

A PORTRAIT SKETCH

BY

FRANCIS E. LEUPP

ILLUSTRATED

CALIFORNIA

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
NEW YORK - - - - - MCMIX

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE

WHEN I was asked to write a book about Theodore Roosevelt I consented, with the stipulation that it should not be a biography. All I was willing to attempt was an unpretentious portrait sketch of a man as he had revealed himself to me not only under the lights of an exceptionally brilliant public career, but by a long period of pretty close personal contact. The delicacy of such an undertaking I did not realize till several chapters had taken shape and I began to feel misgivings as to my right to put to literary use a knowledge which, though it was legitimately mine, had come to me through an intercourse untrammeled by any thought of type or printer's ink. But I persisted and finished my task, in the hope that a friendship which had survived so many years of storm and stress, such differences of opinion, and so much plain speech on both sides might be trusted to save me from any very grave sins,

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and insure forgiveness of my lesser shortcomings.

In justice to all concerned it should be noted that no one but myself is responsible for the contents of this volume. Not a line of it has been submitted to Mr. Roosevelt for his approval; he is not my authority for a single statement about himself or anybody else except where I have tried to quote him, and even my citations of his words are wholly from memory. If he has been misrepresented anywhere the fault is mine, not his, since I have scrupulously avoided consulting him on subjects which I could treat frankly on my own account, but which it might embarrass him to discuss. Moreover, in trying to state his position on public questions with absolute fairness, I would not be understood as always sharing it. The sole point kept in view has been to write facts, leaving the morals to draw themselves. Knowing that it is the subject, and not the author, in whom the public is interested, I have striven to keep my picture as free as possible from didactic color.

This series of disclaimers would be incomplete if I did not forestall the solicitude of sundry critics by absolving the New York Evening

Post from all accountability for my treatment of Mr. Roosevelt, his ideas and his methods. As the fruit of thirty years' association with that journal editorially and as correspondent, I can pay it no higher tribute than to say that it is wholly sincere in its desire to give all sides a fair hearing, and that it looks to the trusted members of its staff for the same freedom of thought and candor of expression which it demands as a right for itself.

No one could be more sensible of the inadequacy of this book than he who wrote it at brief notice, and in the intervals of a most absorbing calling. That he has been able to turn out even so imperfect a product under such conditions, his thanks are due to a little home circle whose members vied with each other in protecting him from needless interruptions and smoothing in their several ways the rough places in the path of authorship.

F. E. L.

WASHINGTON, *January 1, 1904.*

CHRONOLOGY

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, President of the United States, was descended from Claes Martenzoon Van Rosevelt, who migrated from Holland to America in 1649; through other ancestors acquired Scotch-Irish blood; was the son of Theodore Roosevelt of New York city, and Martha Bulloch of Roswell, Ga.

Born in New York city, October 27, 1858.

Graduated at Harvard University, 1880.

Served in the New York State Assembly, 1882, 1883, 1884.

Chairman of New York delegation to Republican National Convention, 1884.

Defeated as Republican candidate for Mayor of New York city, 1886.

United States Civil-Service Commissioner, 1889 to 1895.

President of Board of Police Commissioners, New York city, 1895 to 1897.

Assistant Secretary of the Navy, 1897–98.

Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel of the First Volunteer Cavalry ("Rough Riders") Regiment in the war with Spain, 1898.

Governor of New York, 1899–1900.

Vice-President of the United States, 1901.

President of the United States since the death of President McKinley, September 14, 1901.

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THE MAN ROOSEVELT

CHAPTER I

THE KEY TO A REMARKABLE CAREER

Reversing the tide of rate—A good use for disappointments—"Going ahead"—The Isthmian imbroglio—One of four alternatives—Warning to Turkey—A recipe for success.

WHEN Senator Depew, in his speech nominating Theodore Roosevelt for Vice-President, called him "an Eastern man with Western characteristics," he stated only a half-truth. He might have described his candidate as the greatest living all-around antithesis. Reared amid conditions which pointed to a life of leisure, Theodore Roosevelt voluntarily chose a life of hard work. Educated in a social atmosphere in which practical politics is numbered among the vices, he deliberately elected to become a politician. Physically a weakling in his boyhood, he has acquired, by Spartan training, a body like spring steel. Born with the mental and moral equipment of an independent, he has made of himself, by unremitting endeavor, a pretty good partizan.

Let it be noted that these changes have been wrought by the sheer exercise of will. The man has conquered nature. Every fresh victory has strengthened his self-confidence, and this confidence has furnished the propulsive force for his next assault. It is said that Heaven helps him who helps himself. Heaven has certainly been very kind to Theodore Roosevelt; for in those few instances where he has helped himself to the best of his ability and failed, some other power has intervened to turn defeat into a surprising success. Had he been elected Mayor of the city of New York when he ran in 1886, he would undoubtedly have followed the local fashion of the day and sought a reelection at the end of his term, and thus been carried too far out of the track of Federal politics to have become a candidate for Assistant Secretary of State under President Harrison. Had Secretary Blaine favored his appointment as Assistant Secretary of State, the President would undoubtedly have appointed him, with the result that he would have been kept in perpetual eclipse by the greater luminary at the head of the department, as Mr. Wharton was; instead, a Civil-Service commissionership was offered him and he accepted it, and the free swing he had in that place enabled him to become a national character and paved the way for his later promotions. His old thirst to have a hand in the government of his native city came back to him after he had passed six years at Washington, and he yielded to Mayor Strong's solicitation to become a member of the reorganized Police Commission. The result was disappointing, however; for, in spite of a series of notable reforms, the influence of one of his colleagues blocked so many of his projects for improvement that he was glad of the chance afforded by President McKinley's election to go to Washington as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. In this position he was largely instrumental in bringing the Cuban controversy to a head and making ready for his experience as a soldier. Again observe the part played by mischance. If, when war came, he had obtained the place on the staff of General Fitzhugh Lee for which he originally applied, he would not have organized the Rough Riders and become the most picturesque figure in the volunteer army; and it was on his war record that he made his campaign for the governorship of New York.

Then came another bitter disappointment. He craved a second term as Governor. The

Republican managers in the State at large were resolved that he should not have it; for this reason, and in defiance of his protests, they persisted in pressing him for the vice-presidency. Never was honor forced upon an unwilling recipient as that was. He pleaded with his friends not to let him be sacrificed; he fought off every suggestion with declarations that he could not and would not accept the nomination; it was an open secret that neither Mr. McKinley nor the recognized leaders in the convention wished him on the ticket at the outset. But the New York delegation, for reasons of self-interest, were bound that he should be nominated; and delegation after delegation from the Mississippi Valley—where, report said, Bryanism had taken a fresh lease of life—seconded the efforts of New York on the ground that Roosevelt's was the only name they could conjure with in this emergency. He was elected to the office he did not wish, and had used every device except flight to avoid. Once more, though through a tragic and abhorrent medium, the hand of destiny performed its work, raising him to the highest place in a nation of eighty million people.

Call these reversals "luck," if you will; the fact remains that had Theodore Roosevelt, at any stage, been discouraged by a rebuff, he would never have reached his journey's end. It was by plunging ahead after every stumble, refusing to halt even long enough to count the stones in his path, and doing the best he could wherever he happened to be, that he gave opportunity its perfect play and lent himself to fortune. This is the epic value of his course through life. Its more commonplace interpretation was unconsciously stated by him in his testimony before the Commission to Investigate the Conduct of the War with Spain. He had been describing an incident which ended in his finding himself suddenly alone in the midst of a forward movement, with nobody from whom to take orders. At this point he paused.

"Well," said one of his inquisitors, who had been following the story with interest, "what then?"

"Why," answered the witness, "I have always found it a good rule, when in doubt what to do, to go ahead. I went ahead."

Within a few weeks we have witnessed an incident illustrative of this trait of directness in the President. I refer to the Panama episode.

It is not in my province to discuss this affair on either its moral or its legal side. Its only usefulness here is for the example it affords of the operation of a certain mental characteristic which has played a dominant part in shaping Mr. Roosevelt's career.

We may dismiss at the outset the idea that the secession of Panama was a surprise to the rest of the world. For years the tie between this state and the main body of the republic of Colombia had been drawn so tense as to be liable to snap at any moment. The failure of the canal negotiations between Washington and Bogota was simply the last straw thrown upon an already perilous burden of discontent. Any one could have forecast the result, though without being able to fix the precise date for the revolution. As long ago as the signing of the Hay-Herran treaty it was so well understood that either Colombia must ratify that instrument or Panama would take the canal business into her own hands, that the diplomatists in Washington even discussed the impracticability of the Bogota Government's sending reenforcements overland to its army on the isthmus. President Marroquin knew what the alternative was; so did Minister Herran. That is the reason both worked so hard to push the treaty through.

When their efforts failed the expected happened. Panama set up in business for herself. Nobody in the administration at Washington made any pretense of regretting this turn of affairs. There were no hypocritical tears, no perfunctory messages of condolence. On the contrary, the President lost no time in recognizing the new republic, which in its turn lost no time in entering upon treaty negotiations with the United States. Perhaps, as his critics assert, he showed indecent haste in warming over the funeral-baked meats to furnish forth the marriage tables. Be that as it may, what he did he did without concealment, without hesitancy, without quibbling, without apology. There was no secret plotting, no clandestine correspondence for his enemies to bring to light later. He was as little concerned in the revolution as disconcerted by it. As President he had always refused to discuss the likelihood of its occurrence; as a man, in the freedom of intercourse with his personal friends, he had never ignored the possibility that it would come. Every act of his in other emergencies had made it plain in advance how he would act in this one.

"If the Colombian Government had held its own on the isthmus," said a member of the administration to me after the overturn, "and the revolutionists had made the disorder, that disorder would have been suppressed forcibly and at once by the United States. As the Colombian army disintegrated, however, and the part that remained loyal to the Bogota Government embarked for home without so much as an exchange of shots, one of four courses lay open to the President. He might have done nothing, let events drift till our Congress had convened in special session, and then referred the whole subject to that body in a message; that would have satisfied the demands of decorum, but it would also have shifted responsibility from his shoulders to others. He might have put down the rebellion and restored to Colombia the authority her representatives had tamely surrendered; that course would have fulfilled the letter of the guaranty in the treaty of 1846, but would have been open to the same line of attack as the retention of the Philippines—the maintenance by force of a government without the consent of the governed. He might have taken our war-ships out of isthmian waters, and left the Bogota Government to send in its troops by sea and handle the rebellion as best it could; but that would have been the signal for a riot of bloodshed, the interruption of a transit as well guaranteed as the sovereignty of Colombia, and an added complication from French intervention. Finally, he might have recognized any government that was for the time in peaceable possession of the isthmus and in a position to transact business; and this is precisely what he did."

It was, according to this statement, the only direct course that offered, and the President followed it. There were no precedents, so he established one. Whether his conclusion was sober or ill digested may be open to dispute between honest men and patriots; it was at least absolutely characteristic. Anybody who knows the President must have foreseen just what would happen under such conditions as confronted him. Equally, no one who knows him need be told that he would not have lifted one of his fingers to bring the situation about. The end always in view was a canal through the isthmus; the revolution placed a fresh instrumentality next his hand, and he laid hold of it; where most others would have halted for caution's sake, he "went ahead." Posterity will be able to study this episode in the light of its remoter results. But, in any event, the President's directness and candor leave no mysteries for the historian to uncover, and when his own generation passes judgment on his conduct for good or ill it will do so with the full knowledge of the facts.

Last summer a rumor reached this country that Mr. Magelssen, the vice-consul of the United States at Beirut, Syria, had been assassinated. Without waiting for particulars, which are proverbially long in coming when anything happens in the Turkish dominions, President Roosevelt ordered a squadron of American war-ships to the scene of the supposed crime. The suddenness of this move astonished every one. Representatives of European powers had been assaulted and murdered without so quick action on the part of the governments concerned. Abroad, the President's course was set down to his impulsiveness; at home, to his jingoism. The friends of peace were alarmed lest it should bring on war. Others condemned it as a bluster which he would not attempt with a strong power, but which he felt he could safely try on poor, broken-down Turkey.

No war followed. Fortunately, the original rumor was found to be almost groundless, so there would have been no cause for active hostilities. It is true, moreover, that the same tactics would not have been tried with England or France or Germany. But why? Because we could have got from either of those countries in three days' time fuller details of the incident than we could get in three months from Turkey. England or France or Germany, if found in the wrong, would have apologized at once and offered such other and more substantial reparation as the occasion seemed to call for. Turkey would have postponed as long as possible the investigation of the affair, and then the apology; and, when it came to money damages, she would have tried to make promises pass for piastres. We should have haggled and worried over this debt for five or six years, served a series of quasi-ultimata upon the Sultan, scaled down the principal a little when he drew a poor mouth, consented to waive interest charges in consideration of prompt settlement of the remainder, and finally received—as nearly nothing as he could squeeze or coddle us into accepting. Here was where the President's directness came into play again. He knew that with such a debtor the creditor who acts quickly acts twice. The Turk was doubtless as much surprised as any of the disinterested outsiders when he discovered that the United States Government was not deliberating what to do, but had already done it—that its war-ships were where they could begin business without a moment's delay if a needless hitch occurred in the diplomatic correspondence.

Granted that no other government has acted with such startling suddenness in a similar case; it is also true that no other government could have done so. The Sultan knew, and all the rest of mankind knew, that the errand of that squadron was precisely what it purported to be—to support the American minister in his demand for immediate satisfaction for the murder of the vice-consul, if it had occurred as reported; that behind this lay no ulterior purpose on the part of the United States to find an excuse for a war or the seizure of Turkish territory. The motives of any other strong power would have been under suspicion. Possibly the order of the war-ships to Beirut was a hasty step; of that, every critic must be his own judge. The best test of its wisdom, however, will be the comparative security of foreign lives and property in Turkey for the rest of the present administration.

President Roosevelt is not a genius. He is a man of no extraordinary natural capacity. As author, lawmaker, administrator, huntsman, athlete, soldier, what you will, his record contains nothing that might not have been accomplished by any man of sound physique and good intelligence. Such prestige as he enjoys above his fellows he has acquired partly by hard work and partly by using his mother-wit in his choice of tasks and his method of tackling them. He has simply taken up and completed what others have dropped in discouragement, sought better ways of doing what others have done before, labored always in the open, and remembered that the world moves.

CHAPTER II

AT THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

Republican crisis of 1884—First break with the Independents—A party man still—Running for Governor—Why a program failed—Second break with the Independents—A hitherto unpublished letter.

IN the summer of 1884 a man not yet twenty-six years old was faced with a problem the solution of which might affect the whole current of his life. Though still a mere youth, he had acquired a reputation as wide as the country by his record as a reform legislator in his native State, New York. He had risen to the leadership of the Republican side in the Assembly at Albany. His ability, his pluck, and, above all, his honest independence, had not only fixed the eyes of his fellow countrymen upon him, but forced his recognition by the party managers, so that he had been sent to the Republican national convention at Chicago as the head of the State delegation to take his first active part in the task of President-making. In the convention he had fought hard for his candidate, George F. Edmunds, then regarded as the special champion of the independent element in Republican politics, and had been defeated; James G. Blaine, the candidate against whom the whole weight of the reformers had been hurled, had been nominated. Not a few of Mr. Blaine's other opponents had declared in advance that in no event would they support him for President—they would sooner go out of their party. The convention had accepted their challenge; the crucial hour had come, and they must now retreat or make good their threats. Already the press was bulging with manifestoes and open letters and interviews, put forth by lifelong Republicans who were abandoning the ticket to its fate.

The young man was Theodore Roosevelt, and he was at the parting of the ways. On one side he saw George William Curtis, Carl Schurz—in short, nearly all the prominent men on whose support he had most steadfastly counted—taking the road that led toward the Democratic party, at least for the time. Behind him lay the fruits of two years' work in the New York Legislature—hard work, sincere work, which had told its story for good government. It had been done not by the sole power of his own speech and vote, but by the combinations he had been able to form with others who thought and felt as he did, or who, lacking both logic and sentiment, were ready to follow him for discipline's sake or motives of expediency. Although individual initiative, direction, force, were essential to such undertakings, and the successful combination was after all only a group of individual factors, yet he realized that his personal efforts could not have accomplished anything of themselves. Should he now turn his back upon the past, step out of the ranks of the political army in which he had been trained, and become an unattached sharpshooter? He could not go over to the enemy; in principles and spirit they had practically nothing in common; there was no bond of sympathy between them except objection to one candidate.

It was a serious dilemma. Though accustomed to act on instinct in most emergencies, he hesitated just a little in the presence of this one. There were Republican dogmas which he had not yet digested. One of these which would probably figure largely in the campaign was the dogma of high protection, while his

Harvard schooling had been all in the direction of free trade. He was fully conscious that an administration brought into power by Republican votes had carried the Union safely through the civil war, and molded a group of sovereign States into a solid unit, yet he was far from accepting the extreme views of a large element in the Republican party as to the continued penance which should be demanded of the South for the sin of secession. Nevertheless, the general tendencies of the party, its national aspirations, its disposition to test new measures in statecraft instead of rejecting them because they were new, appealed strongly to him on both his temperamental and his practical sides. It was the only party in which he felt at home, and with which, in spite of some differences in detail, he could work out his projects for the public advantage.

Should he go out of the party and stay till the present storm had blown over, and then come back again? A good many men could have figured out such a program and deliberately entered upon it; with him it would have been impossible. The only question he had to decide was: Stay in, or stay out? He had pledged himself to no course; he had raised not a hand, uttered not a word, to prevent any of his colleagues from following their own consciences. When an old friend and fellow Republican said, "I can not remain in the party and vote for Blaine; if the Democrats nominate such a man as Grover Cleveland I must vote for him," Mr. Roosevelt, he tells me, not only made no effort to restrain him, but answered: "Cleveland would be the best man the Democrats could name; still, if I felt as you do, I should support any proper Democratic nomination." All this was apart from the question of what he should ultimately do himself; he felt very sure what that would be, but he wished to think it over before making an irrevocable decision. The agitated atmosphere surrounding him was not conducive to calm judgment. Away, therefore, he hastened for a brief interval of quiet, and on his Dakota ranch reviewed the whole situation in his mind; then he made an authoritative statement:

"I intend to vote the Republican presidential ticket. A man can not act both without and within the party; he can do either, but he can not possibly do both. Each course has its advantages and each has its disadvantages, and one can not take the advantages or the disad-

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AT TWENTY-FOUR.

vantages separately. I went in with my eyes open to do what I could within the party; I did my best and got beaten, and I propose to stand by the result. It is impossible to combine the functions of a guerrilla chief with those of a colonel in the regular army; one has greater independence of action, the other is able to make what action he does take vastly more effective. In certain contingencies the one can do most good, in certain contingencies the other; but there is no use in accepting a commission and then trying to play the game out on a lone hand. During the entire canvass for the nomination Mr. Blaine received but two checks. I had a hand in both, and I could have had a hand in neither had not those Republicans who elected me the head of the New York State delegation supposed that I would in good faith support the man who was fairly made the Republican nominee. I am by inheritance and by education a Republican; whatever good I have been able to accomplish in public life has been accomplished through the Republican party; I have acted with it in the past, and wish to act with it in the future."

After his summer's recreation he was called upon for a few speeches. He had little to say, and nothing that was not kindly in purport, of his former associates who had parted company with him at Chicago, but one of his utterances should be quoted as throwing further light upon his attitude: "It has always been my luck in politics, and I suppose always will be, to offend some wing of the party—generally the machine, but sometimes the independents. I should think little of myself should I permit the independents to dictate to me any more than the machine."

On his return from Cuba, after the Spanish War, a second crisis occurred in the career of Mr. Roosevelt. Politics in New York were in a state of upheaval. It was plain that Governor Black's administration would be followed by a Democratic sweep at the polls unless the Republicans could find a candidate so popular on his own account as to pull the whole ticket through. There must be a stirring campaign, with plenty of cannon, cheers, flag-waving and red fire, but above all there must be some one to shout for. Apathetic quiet, or even half-hearted noise, meant sure defeat. This was a contingency too serious to be calmly contemplated, for the party was split, and was only holding itself together by main force to conceal the rift from the public. Defeat at this juncture would compel the abdication of the old management and assure the installation of a new one, which had been waiting for some time for such a chance. There was a general settlement of the shrewder party lieutenants upon Roosevelt as their man, and they made no secret of it. Platt, Roosevelt's opposite pole in sentiment and methods, agreed with the lieutenants, but was too old a campaigner to advertise his opinion prematurely. On the other hand, the fact that this was a critical year for the Republicans had stimulated the independents to put up a candidate. If they could nominate an ideal man—one of the right character as well as the right running qualities—they could drive Platt out of business as a boss, and this was the end toward which they had been working as long as most of them had been interested in politics at all. Roosevelt seemed to be the very man they were seeking. With him as a candidate, backed by evidence of a large uprising of independent voters in his support throughout the State, they reasoned that the Platt machine would be forced into accepting him also as the Republican candidate, without pledges of any sort such as candidates are expected to give to the parties who nominate them; that the Republican indorsement of an independent candidate for Governor would leave the rest of the Republican ticket with no support except the strict party vote; that, under these conditions, some or all of the machine nominees would be defeated by the Democrats, to the further demoralization of the machine; and that as Governor Mr. Roosevelt would have an unhampered initiative and a fine opportunity to break up certain abuses immemorially entrenched in the State government at Albany.

Accounts differ as to what took place at the secret negotiations that followed. The independent leaders asserted, in an address made public on September 25, 1898, that Roosevelt gave his approval to their plan, with the one stipulation that if it "should so far fail that he should not receive the Republican nomination, he must then be free to accept or decline the independent nomination"; that later he conferred with them about the technical preliminaries to launching their ticket; but that on September 20 they received word from him that he found himself in an "impossible position" with respect to their nomination and this was followed by a letter under date of September 22 cutting off further relations with their project.

Mr. Roosevelt's version of the chain of conditions leading up to this end was never given, I believe, in any newspaper interview or other authorized statement, but was freely quoted among his friends at the time. It was to the general effect that, although he had consented under certain contingencies to their use of his name, the independents themselves had insisted that he was not to give, and could not give, his acceptance of their nomination till it should be formally offered to him; that he did not understand, when the subject was first broached to him, that such consent would involve his desertion of the fortunes of any candidates who might be associated with him on the Republican State ticket; that a controversy having arisen as to something which the independent platform should contain, the independent managers sent him a written version of their original interview with him, marking in the margin a single passage that covered the point at issue; that in his acknowledgment of receipt he indorsed this marked passage as containing a correct statement of the facts, but that his indorsement was construed by his correspondents as extending to everything in the enclosure; and that when, in the light of later utterances by the independents, he grasped their plan in all its bearings, he did not feel that he could afford to be placed in a false position before his party and the voters of the State, and made haste to notify the managers accordingly. His letter of September 22, already mentioned, put the gist of the matter thus:

"The independent nomination has not been formally offered me, but I am now receiving so many questions as to my intentions in the matter that I am not willing to wait longer.

"My name will probably be presented to the Republican State Convention at Saratoga on the 27th. If I am nominated, then it will be on the same ticket with those who are named for the other State offices. The Republican party will also have congressional and legislative tickets in the field. National issues are paramount this year; very few municipal officers are to be elected. The candidates will be my associates in the general effort to elect a Republican Governor, Republican Congressmen to support President McKinley and the cause of sound money, and a Legislature which will send to the Senate a Republican United States Senator.

"It seems to me that I would not be acting in good faith toward my fellow candidates if I permitted my name to head a ticket designed for their overthrow; a ticket, moreover, which can not be put up because of objections to the character or fitness of any candidates, inasmuch as no candidates have yet been nominated.

"I write this with great reluctance, for I wish the support of every independent. If elected Governor, I would strive to serve the State as a whole, and to serve my party by helping to serve the State. I should greatly like the aid of the independents, and I appreciate the importance of the independent vote, but I can not accept a nomination on terms that would make me feel disloyal to the principles for which I stand, or at the cost of acting with what seems to me bad faith toward my associates."

Although two or three conferences with the leaders of the independent movement had preceded the delivery of this letter, they had failed of any results in the direction of conciliation, and the independents went on and put a separate ticket in the field containing the name of Theodore Bacon, of Rochester, a lawyer of note, for Governor. Some embarrassment and delay were occasioned by the fact that the arrangement for nominating Roosevelt had been by a form prescribed in the statutes for certain cases—a petition to the Secretary of State with a given number of signatures attached. The independents' petition, circulated all over the State, had been signed by 8,000 persons—a great many more than required by law. But these signatures were for an independent nomination of Roosevelt, not Bacon, and it took some time and trouble to provide for the substitution. The Republican Convention, meanwhile, had carried out its purpose of nominating Roosevelt; there was nothing else for it to do. It had done so, moreover, without exacting a single pledge from him, and this was all that the independents had aimed at. When the votes were counted on election night, Roosevelt was found with a plurality of 17,786 to his credit. It was not a very big plurality for New York with her 1,500,000 voters, but, like Mercutio's wound, 'twould serve.

The interesting feature of the count was that it showed Roosevelt to have run several thousand votes ahead of his ticket. Bacon's total was about 2,100. This number presumptively measured the strength of the independent movement for independence's sole sake. The other 6,000 signers of the independent petition had probably been attracted to it by the hope it offered of a chance to vote for Roosevelt whether the Republicans should nominate him or not; there is always a contingent of these whether-or-noes in the following of every party leader. When he accepted the Republican nomination and declined the independent, they went with him and swelled his plurality. They would have stuck to him just the same if he had suddenly blossomed out as a Prohibitionist or a Labor candidate. It was the man, not the politician, they were supporting.

Right here I am going to trench on half-forbidden ground far enough to add my own particular mite to the literature of this incident. On September 3, 1898, Mr. Roosevelt wrote me from Montauk, Long Island, where the Rough Riders were in camp, about sundry matters in which we felt a joint interest. His letter bore evidences of hasty composition and bristled with interlineations, which are indicated in the copy here given. Referring to some comments of mine on the talk of making him Governor, he said:

I haven't bothered myself a particle about the nomination, and have no idea whether it will be made or not. In the first place, I would rather have led this regiment than be Governor of New York three times over. In the next place, while on the whole I should like the office of Governor and would not shirk it, the position will be one of such extreme difficulty, and I shall have to offend so many good friends of mine, that I should breathe a sigh of relief were it not offered to me.

It is a party position. I should be one of the big party leaders if I should take it. This means that I should have to treat with and work with the organization, and I should see and consult the leaders—not once, but continuously—and earnestly try to come to an agreement on all important questions with them; and of course the mere fact of my doing so would alienate many of my friends whose friendship I value. On the other hand, when we come to a matter like the Canal, or Life Insurance, or anything touching the Eighth Commandment and general decency, I could not allow any consideration of party to come in. And this would alienate those who, if not friends, were supporters.

As for taking the honor without conditions or not at all, I do not believe anybody would so much as propose to mention conditions to me. Certainly I would not entertain any conditions save those outlined in this very letter—that, while a good party man who would honestly strive to keep in with the leaders of the party organization, to work with them, and to bring the Republican party into a better shape for two years hence, ~~but~~ yet in the last resort I should have to be my

own master, and when a question of honesty or dishonesty
have to
arose I should ∧ pay no further heed to party lines.

Now, as I say, I haven't an idea about the nomination. I know that certain of the politicians—some for
or wholly bad
good and doubtless some for less good ∧ reasons—are work-
some I am glad
ing for me, and that there are ∧ (I may add, ∧ to say, the worst) ~~some~~ who are working against me. I should say that the odds are against my nomination; but I can also say, with all sincerity, that I don't care in the least.

When the date of this letter is noted in connection with its contents, and when we read it literally between the lines, using the autographic amendments as an index to the working of the writer's mind, its importance will appear. For it was written spontaneously in the confidence of friendship, at a time when nothing was further from the thought of either its author or its recipient than that it would ever be valuable as a means of refuting unjust insinuations.

CHAPTER III

KNIGHT ERRANT OF CIVIL-SERVICE REFORM

How Mr. Roosevelt became Commissioner—Publicity for the merit system—Bringing up the Southern quotas—Tilts with Congress—Competitive examinations and the police.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S decision to remain a Republican after Blaine's nomination for the presidency brought about, as we have seen, a temporary estrangement between him and a number of well-known men with whom he had worked in the past for civil-service reform. They lost no opportunity of making plain to the public the fact of the separation, and of the critical distance at which they should thenceforward scrutinize his conduct in public affairs. An insincere man might have seized such a state of armed truce as an excuse for dropping aggressive tactics in the reform propaganda, and leaving his old associates to carry this on alone as best they could; but, so far from that, he became a more determined fighter than ever, and took especial pains to show his contempt for party lines when it came to administering the purely business branches of the governmental machine.

His appointment in 1889 as Civil-Service Commissioner, though fraught with consequences of such importance to his future, was more a happy accident than anything else. When the Harrison administration began he was taking great interest in foreign affairs, and aspired to be Assistant Secretary of State. Secretary Blaine, however, had recognized in him a certain impatience of restraint which boded danger for their relations as chief and subordinate. So the assistant secretaryship was given to William F. Wharton of Massachusetts, a more discreet young man, and to Mr. Roosevelt was tendered instead a position on the Civil-Service Commission. Many of his friends were surprised at his acceptance of the place, which seemed too narrow for his powers. Up to that time the commission had been regarded as a rather insignificant wheel in the administrative machine. Dorman B. Eaton of New York, its president, was the only man of national reputation who had had any connection with it during the six years of its history, and his interest was wholly patriotic and philanthropic. He had devoted several years unselfishly to the study of the European systems and the siege of Congress, and deserved almost the sole credit for finally procuring the enactment of the organic legislation. Mr. Roosevelt, who had been his enthusiastic colleague in the National Civil-Service Reform League, was the author of the bill which passed the Legislature of New York during Governor Cleveland's administration, about simultaneously with the Federal act.

Mr. Eaton, a man of cautious temperament, had endeavored to efface himself while he remained in office. He kept out of the way of the newspapers, and averted as far as possible all unnecessary publicity as to the acts of the commission. He felt that the merit system was still novel in the United States, while the old spoils interests were so well entrenched that every paragraph of news or comment in the press was more liable to damage the reform by stimulating its foes to fresh endeavor than to help it by encouraging its friends. It was natural, therefore, for many superficial observers to assume that the policy of secretiveness would continue indefinitely, and that any prominent man who could be induced to take a place on the commission would practically disappear from public view for the period of his service.

Whoever expected Mr. Roosevelt to remain long hidden in any position, however insignificant, did not know the man. He had grown up in the sunlight and fresh air. Publicity had no terrors for him. He had always spoken his mind when and where he pleased. He gloried in a fight for any cause he had espoused, and his theory was that anything worth having was not too dear at the price of a few hard knocks—provided always that he were in a situation to give back all he took, with interest.

Hence it came about that on Mr. Roosevelt's entrance into it the Civil-Service Commission, for the first time since its foundation, threw open its office doors freely to all comers. This policy disarmed a part of the criticism which had formerly been rife, founded on the theory that there was some mystery connected with its workings. No member of Congress thereafter ventured a mistaken comment on the merit system, without receiving by the next mail a cordial invitation to come down to headquarters and explore the whole business to his heart's content. No editorial mention of the commission or its work passed unheeded if it found its way to headquarters, and where the writer appeared to have been honestly misled on any point he was promptly set right. The newspaper correspondents in Washington were made welcome, and furnished with any information that could properly be given out. An effort was made to establish more than purely formal relations between the heads of departments and the commissioners, and to convince the former that the spirit of the commission was cooperative rather than antipathetic. All the resources of Mr. Roosevelt's agile wit were taxed not only to meet new difficulties as they arose, but to devise means for extending the scope of the commission's usefulness and win popular confidence in the democratic and American character of the merit system.

One day a paragraph appeared somewhere in the press which showed that there still lingered in the public mind a notion that only Republicans need try to enter the Government service during a Republican administration. Like a flash came Mr. Roosevelt's response. He sent out invitations to all the representatives of Southern newspapers in Washington to meet him at his office on a certain afternoon.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, "I am going

to ask you to help me dispel this illusion, and at the same time aid your own people. I have been looking over the list of appointments from our registers, and, whereas the Northern and Western States have their quotas full and some of them overflowing, the South is short of its share. I wish each of you would publish in the most emphatic manner the statement that it is my desire that the young men of the South should come forward, irrespective of politics, and take our examinations. I assume, on general principles, that most of your educated young men are Democrats; but you may give them my absolute guaranty that they will receive the same consideration in every respect as the young men in other parts of the country, that no one will inquire what their politics are, and that they will be appointed according to their deserts and in the regular order of apportionment. This is an institution not for Republicans, and not for Democrats, but for the whole American people. It belongs to them, and will be administered, as long as I stay here, in their interest without discrimination."

The effect was magical. The examinations on the Southern routes began to swarm with bright young fellows, to whom, by the then modest standards of the South, a salary of $1,200 was riches.

In spite of every effort, there were many members of Congress who refused either to take for granted that the system was good and honestly handled or to come and see for themselves. These stubborn gentry, and a few others who wanted to carry water on both shoulders, would regularly, once a session, go through a stereotyped comedy in passing the civil-service appropriation. The great budget bills are considered, in the House of Representatives, first in committee of the whole, and then reported to the House and passed. In committee of the whole a vote is subject to a division and a count of heads, but the roll is never called. So, when the civil-service appropriation would come up, there would always be a division, and a majority would appear in favor of striking out the entire grant and thereby starving the commission to death; but when the bill was reported to the House the friends of the merit system would demand a roll-call, and then a score or two of the very members who had helped to make a majority against the appropriation in committee would scuttle for the other side and have their names recorded as voting in its favor. Their first demonstration would usually be made to pique Mr. Roosevelt, who had once occupied a seat in the gallery when the committee debate was in progress; their second would be for the benefit of those of their constituents who were educated and intelligent enough to read the Congressional Record and the newspapers.

Once the opponents of the merit system in Congress carried their horse-play a little too far, and, though not striking out the total grant, refused to give the commission all the money it needed for the expense of conducting examinations. A meek man would have bowed to this snub. Not so Mr. Roosevelt. He sent for the schedule of examination routes as laid out, and prepared a revised version, chopping off with one blow the districts represented by the men who had refused to vote the necessary money. He then informed the leading newspaper correspondents of what had been done, so as to have it well advertised. He coupled with the news an explanation that, as long as the list must be cut down to keep it within the amount appropriated for expenses, and some districts had to be sacrificed, it was only common justice that those members who had voted against the necessary grant should be given the full benefit of the restriction they had themselves imposed. There was loud chatter about "impeachment" and "removal," and what-not, when this news reached the ears of the victims, but the bold stroke carried the day, and the commission got its money after that.

When a member of either chamber persisted in criticizing the commission unfairly after an invitation to inspect its methods and satisfy himself, he was apt to hear from Mr. Roosevelt in another way; and it made no difference what the offender's party affiliations or personal importance might be. Mr. Gorman, of Maryland, attacking the merit system one day in the Senate, told a story of "a bright young man in the city of Baltimore, an applicant for the position of letter-carrier," who was required on his examination to tell "the most direct route from Baltimore to Japan," and on his failure to answer this and some other equally unpractical questions was rejected. On the day the speech was published Mr. Roosevelt sent the Senator a polite written request for the date and place of the examination, and also an invitation to inspect all the examination papers for letter-carriers and find the obnoxious question if it had ever been asked. In this instance, Mr. Gorman explained afterward to his colleagues in the Senate, "I did what I do in the case of all interferences by impudent people who without warrant ask me about the discharge of my duty: I took no notice of it." That brought out from Mr. Roosevelt a public letter, closing in this characteristic style:

"High-minded, sensitive Mr. Gorman! Clinging, trustful Mr. Gorman! Nothing could shake his belief in that 'bright young man.' Apparently, he did not even yet try to find out his name—if he had a name; in fact, his name, like everything else about him, remains to this day wrapped in the Stygian mantle of an abysmal mystery. Still less has Mr. Gorman tried to verify the statements made to him. It is enough for him that they were made. No harsh suspicion, no stern demand for evidence or proof, appeals to his artless and unspoiled soul. He believes whatever he is told, even when he has forgotten the name of the teller, or never knew it. It would indeed be difficult to find an instance of a more abiding confidence in human nature—even in anonymous human nature. And this is the end of the tale of Arcadian Mr. Gorman and his elusive friend, the bright young man without a name!"

James S. Clarkson, the present surveyor of the Port of New York, was formerly an Assistant Postmaster-General, having for one of his duties the appointment and dismissal of fourth-class postmasters. As joint members of the administration under President Harrison, he and Mr. Roosevelt had several clashes while this connection lasted, having been trained in diverse schools of ethics as regarded the civil service. Mr. Clarkson, when he had retired from office, contributed an article to the North American Review charging the commission with being more unfriendly to the Republican party under Harrison than it had been under Cleveland, denouncing the mugwumps as being insincere and merely Democrats in disguise, and insisting on the right of the Republicans when in power to fill the offices with persons of their own political faith. Mr. Roosevelt, in a speech delivered at St. Louis soon after the article appeared, met these complaints in a fashion all his own.

"Mr. Clarkson," said he, "is suffering under a confusion of ideas. He is mixing himself and his friends with the Republican party. The Civil-Service Commission is most undoubtedly hostile to Mr. Clarkson and the idea which Mr. Clarkson represents. We should fail in our duty if we were not. We can no more retain the good-will of the spoilsmen than a policeman who does his duty can retain the good-will of the lawbreaker.

"Mr. Clarkson says that the Democratic party purchased the mugwump edifice. I do not believe Mr. Clarkson means that. It is just as foolish to make that statement as it would be to make the statement that the Democratic party purchased Mr. Clarkson to write his article, which is more fitted to do damage to the Republican party than any possible mugwump editorial.

"He represents civil-service reformers as saying that office-holding does not concern the people. On the contrary, we say that it does concern the people, and we take issue with Mr. Clarkson and his friends, who insist that it merely concerns the one small and not very clean caste of office-seekers and office-holders.

"He says that he and his friends believe in Republican officers under Republican administrations. If this is not right, he says, then all political parties in America ought to disband. In other words, he and his friends believe that if they can not get the offices the party ought to disband. That is to say, he and his friends believe that they ought to be paid for supporting the party. That sounds like a harsh way of putting it, but it is a perfectly just way. There is a certain difference between being paid with an office and being paid with money, exactly as there is a certain difference between the savagery of an Ashantee and that of a Hottentot, but it is small in amount."

Mr. Roosevelt's belief in the reformed civil-service system was never the blind faith of a faddist, but always tempered with practical sense. Those of us who were watching his career as Police Commissioner recall very distinctly the groan that went up from many life-long civil-service reformers when the newspapers revealed the fact that he had taken his stand against a general competitive examination for promotion on the police force, and had caused a split in the board by his unexpected course. One of his colleagues drew his attention to the law, which provided that promotions must be made through considerations of seniority, merit, and competitive examination. Mr. Roosevelt did not dispute this; but he defied his critic to show him anything in the law which threw the examinations open to everybody, or forbade the board to pick out the men they wished to enter the competition. It took some time to settle that question, but when it was settled Mr. Roosevelt had carried his point.

The commissioner's critics, of course, seized upon this as an evidence that he had gone over to the enemy, and become a believer in favoritism on the police force as elsewhere. It was a bold position for a man to take when counting on the support of an element in the community who had always insisted upon free and open competitive examinations as the one magical test of fitness for public office and employment. Most of these persons, Mr. Roosevelt realized, would misunderstand his attitude, but he was sure that if they were capable of understanding it they would approve it. He was as stanch a believer as ever in unrestricted competition in its proper place. But he was able to keep in mind what a mere faddist rarely or never does, the fact that any civil-service examination is at best only a screen to keep out the unfit, not a mysterious instrument of selection like a divining-rod; that it had been substituted for free choice by the appointing officer, not because it possessed any sacred virtue of its own, but because it offered the only widely available refuge from a reign of political spoils and personal favoritism; and that the sole reason the reformers had made open competition the general rule was to give as democratic a character as possible to the merit system.

In the case of the police force some considerations seemed worthy of weight, which did not apply everywhere else. For an original appointment as patrolman rigid examinations were conducted and everybody was welcome to compete; the larger the number and variety of candidates the better pleased was the board. But when it came to promoting men who had already had an opportunity of showing what was in them, the use they had made of their opportunity was the first thing to be looked into. The primal demand was for courage—personal prowess. It goes without saying that a policeman might better be without legs to chase a ruffian than without the courage to tackle him when caught. After the heroes had been picked out, the board looked for the sober, steady, orderly, and intelligent men whom circumstances had never placed in a position to try their pluck. Although justice demanded that these men should not be forever kept back by conditions beyond their control, there were more misgivings about them than about the men who had already proved their quality. Suppose that a man had been clothed with larger responsibilities on the strength of his record for sobriety and intelligence, but when subjected to his first real ordeal he went down before it!

Still, such cases did not present half so much difficulty of choice as a mixed class in which the physical and moral lines did not run parallel. Here and there would be a man whose daring and resourcefulness had never been challenged in vain, but whose shortcomings in some other respects were terribly trying. Recklessness of discipline, uncertain habits, or a past record which, however well retrieved, made constant watchfulness advisable, might lie in the opposite scale to splendid strength and bravery. In such instances the question asked was whether the man's shortcomings were so serious that he could not be trusted. If so, he was ruled out; if not, he was given a fresh chance to show his mettle. Then came the competitive examination, last of all, to mark the order in which the candidates should be promoted.

If competitive examinations of the scholastic sort had held the place in the tests for original selection or promotion of New York policemen that most of the less practical friends of the merit system would have assigned them, there would have been some amusing but rather pitiful results; for the range of accomplishments in book-learning, and even of knowledge of current history and affairs, was not wide among the men of brawn and courage. One of the tests put to a class of applicants was, "Give a brief statement of the life of Abraham Lincoln." Ten candidates described the great emancipator as the President of the Southern Confederacy; one said that he was assassinated by Thomas Jefferson, two by Jefferson Davis, one by Garfield, three by Guiteau, and one by Ballington Booth.

Another question was, "Who is the chief officer of the United States?" One candidate answered "Parkhurst," one "Croker," and two "Roosevelt."

A third test, "Name some of the States in the Southern Confederacy," brought out a geographical conglomerate like "Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Utah, Nevada." Of the answers to a request to "Name five of the New England

States," one read, "New York, Albany, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and Delaware"; another, "England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and Cork"; while still another duplicated this last except for substituting Belfast for Cork.

Yet two of the men who made Lincoln President of the Southern Confederacy, getting in by a close shave on their other qualifications, proved among the best officers on the force. Valuable as examinations are as means of weeding out the hopeless cases, and scrupulously as the law requiring them should be guarded against violation or neglect, Mr. Roosevelt's theory has always been that they are of more real importance to the public service in testing a candidate's intelligence than in discovering his erudition. No scholastic examination—no paper test of any sort—would have given his proper rank as a subject for promotion to one patrolman who was on the force when Mr. Roosevelt was Police Commissioner. One night, while on his uptown beat, this officer saw a man leap out of the window of a house and run down the street. He promptly gave chase. The man was a burglar, and armed. The policeman, however, dashed after him alone, and was overtaking him when they came to the

New York Central Railroad tunnel. Through one of the big openings in the top of the tunnel the burglar plunged. It was a long leap, and there was danger from the trains underneath, but a man whose liberty is at stake will take a heavy risk. The patrolman was following close. He was inspired by nothing but duty. His liberty was not at stake, and he could not have been punished or reprimanded for failing to risk his neck by jumping into the tunnel. Nevertheless, jump he did. The burglar had the wind knocked out of him by the jump. The patrolman, more skilful or lucky in jumping, got off scot-free, seized the prisoner, brought him in, and thereby earned his promotion.

The stand taken by so eminent a champion of the merit system against the conventional tests of fitness, where these tests were themselves unfit, naturally startled many good persons. Perhaps in the same category we might place the shock Mr. Roosevelt gave his more sedate associates in the civil-service-reform movement when he declared, in 1890, his belief that the corps of inspectors of customs on the Texas border might very well be recruited from the line-riders in the cattle country, by giving a large weight to athletic tests. To fill such a position most acceptably a man ought to know brands, be a first-rate horseman, and a good pistol-shot with both hands. If he were thoroughly qualified in these particulars, knew enough of reading, writing, and arithmetic to make an intelligible report, and could furnish substantial recommendations as to character, Mr. Roosevelt thought that he ought to make a pretty good inspector.

The idea, at the time it was first broached, was made the subject for not a little censure as frivolous and undignified; its author was criticized for letting his flippant humor run away with his sense of his serious obligations as adviser to the President in setting the competitive merit system on its feet; and the newspaper paragraphers all over the country took merry shies at it. Yet after the lapse of only a few years we find an announcement published under the auspices of the Civil-Service Commission in a Southwestern journal, that "an examination will be held in Brownsville, Texas, for the position of mounted inspector in the customs district of Brazos de Santiago, with headquarters at Brownsville. The examination will be of a light educational character, but applicants will be required to file special vouchers showing their knowledge of the Mexican language and of the country embraced in the district, as well as their ability to read brands and their experience in horsemanship and marksmanship."

CHAPTER IV

A FEW FRIENDS

Premature alarm of the conservatives—Senator Lodge's relations with the President—Other men who have helped—"My regiment"—Familiarity and faith—The case of Ben Daniels.

ON the day of President McKinley's death I met a number of gentlemen interested in the foreign relations of the United States. One question was on every lip: "Will not Senator Lodge be Secretary of State in President Roosevelt's Cabinet?"

They were evidently much alarmed. Mr. Lodge's premiership, they reasoned, would mean an aggressive foreign policy, the probability of another war before long with either Germany or England, and the acquisition of additional territory whenever and wherever possible by conquest. There was a general chorus of surprise when I reassured them by saying that Mr. Lodge would not become Secretary of State.

"You are perfectly certain of that?" they asked, adding, in a tone of misgiving, "Every Cabinet forecast we have seen puts Lodge in the first place."

"You may take comfort from two facts," I answered: "first, that Mr. Roosevelt could not bully, coax, or drag Mr. Lodge out of the seat once filled by Daniel Webster and Charles Sumner in the United States Senate; and, second, that he would not try to. With both parties satisfied with the existing arrangement, it is hard to find the incentive for change."

Although from what I knew of both President and Senator I felt perfectly sure of my ground, I was unaware at that moment of a telegram sent to the new President by Mr. Lodge—the first advice offered by an old friend—that he should leave the McKinley program undisturbed, but, above all, do nothing which could cause the retirement of Secretary Hay. My interrogators had simply made the common mistake of supposing that personal friendship, or a sympathetic view of great questions, would be the decisive consideration in Mr. Roosevelt's mind when selecting men for office, and that the closeness of the tie would be the measure of the dignity conferred. As a matter of fact, no public man of our time has done fewer of the things he was expected to do in this line, or more of the things which no one believed he would do. He has his own general rules covering such matters, but they are not the rules most men in his position would lay down. I shall not attempt to formulate them except in a rough way, but I believe that I can convey to the reader at least the skeleton of their philosophy.

At the outset I should divide his friends into two classes: those whose claim upon his regard has grown out of a natural affinity or long and pleasant social contact, and those whose place in his heart has been won by service in emergencies. Here and there we might find the classes merged in some individual, but not often. Perhaps the most notable example of such merger is Henry Cabot Lodge. Lodge was an instructor at Harvard while Roosevelt was a student there, and many persons have drawn from that fact the inference that their friendship began in Cambridge. Strange to say, the very reverse is the case. Lodge scarcely knew Roosevelt while they were together at the university; and Roosevelt, though interested in history, shunned Lodge's classes and entertained a prejudice against the instructor because Lodge had a severer system of marking than he considered fair. It was not till both became interested in the Edmunds movement and had occasion to consult on means for bringing New York and Massachusetts together for the support of their chosen candidate, that they became acquainted. As their preliminary campaign advanced they grew friendly, and then intimate.

At every stage of Roosevelt's career since that day Lodge has been at his side to assist in procuring for him the object of his ambition. When he was Civil-Service Commissioner Lodge led the fight yearly in Congress in favor of a larger scope for the commission's activities and more money to do business with. When the spoilsmen would make a raid upon the merit system on the floor, Lodge would be there, at the head of the defensive force, to receive the brunt of the attack. When work had to be done in the committees in advance of a contemplated onslaught, it was Lodge who undertook the diplomatic task. When a bill was so drawn as to hide a job of patronage and thereby rob the commission of a part of its prerogative, it was Lodge who planted himself in the path of the measure till it had been revised or withdrawn. When Roosevelt wished to be Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Lodge camped at the White House till the President sent his friend's name to the Senate. One of the rare occasions where Lodge and Roosevelt differed as to what was best for the latter's fortunes was at the Republican National Convention of 1900. Roosevelt was bound not to take the vice-presidency, where he was sure he would be "shelved" for four years; Lodge insisted that he should take it, because there was no such thing as shelving a man like him. The sequel justified the Senator's judgment, though in a manner neither could then foresee.

On other questions they often differ. The President would sacrifice his right arm for the Senator, but sacrificing a conviction is another matter: his heart may be his friend's, but his ideas are his own. "I am going to remove M—— to-morrow," he said to me one day, referring to an office-holder of whose misconduct he was satisfied, though without irrefutable evidence. "Cabot has been here all the afternoon pleading with me to spare the fellow, whom he believes to be a model of righteousness. He has gone away convinced that I am a double-dyed ingrate, and that I'm too stubborn to recognize resplendent virtue when I see it. I'm sorry. I love Cabot; I'd give him half I possess—but I can't yield that point."

This is typical of his attitude toward the best of his friends when it comes to a conflict of judgment. So the fear entertained of Mr. Lodge's malevolent influence if he had become Secretary of State had probably little foundation. With Mr. Roosevelt the counsel of valued associates is always welcome, but his decisions he prefers to make himself.

Neighbors of many years, family intimates, a few old school-fellows and college-mates, make up most of the first group of friends in my classification. Mr. Roosevelt has called upon one and another of them at times for some public service which involved hard work and insufficient remuneration. Such a summons is the patent of his faith in their patriotism. In the second category is gathered a motley collection of types. I remember well the scowl that crossed his brow when he read in the newspapers that "Joe" Murray, a New York Republican ward worker, had introduced in a partizan organization a resolution which seemed to reflect upon the honorable conduct of the United States Civil-Service Commission when he—Roosevelt—was a member of it. "Why, Joe

Murray was the man who taught me my first lessons in practical politics!" he exclaimed. "He ought to know better than to be in such business."

He gave the resolution the drubbing it deserved, and forced the fighting until the organization had crawled through a small hole, and gladly, in its anxiety to retreat; but he never punished Murray personally, always preferring to believe that the poor fellow was misguided rather than vicious. The fact that Murray had given him his first coaching when he was thrown, a greenhorn, among old hands practised at the game, had bound the two men together not merely for the time or for a few months or years thereafter, but virtually for life. This limitless gratitude is undoubtedly a weakness on Mr. Roosevelt's part, but an amiable weakness, which shows his extremely human side. One of his first thoughts as President was to find a place in the Federal service where Murray would fit, and put him into it. The position that offered itself in due season, and was promptly filled, was the deputy commissionership of immigration at Ellis Island.

Another of his helpers in time of need who is now reaping the reward of their lucky contact is General Leonard Wood, the military governor of the Moro country in the Philippines. Close as their companionship has since become, the two men did not know each other till the winter of 1897–98, a few months before the outbreak of the war with Spain. It had always been a fond dream of Roosevelt's to take part in a war. He had come upon the stage too late for the great struggle for the Union, but his assurance that Spain would one day have to be forced out of Cuba seemed on the verge of fulfilment about the time he met Wood, in whom he found a man of kindred faith and aspirations. They were nearly of an age, and both fond of hardy sports. Wood, though only an army surgeon, had enjoyed a military training in the field, which Roosevelt had not. Circumstances, moreover, had once placed Wood in command of troops—an extraordinary accident for a medical staff-officer—in the midst of an Indian campaign, and he had acquitted himself with credit. Anticipating a war in Cuba, he had visited the island and looked over some of the ground which it was supposed would be the site of active hostilities. All these things gave his companionship an added interest to Roosevelt, who, when President McKinley offered him the command of a regiment, at once consented to take its lieutenant-colonelcy if the President would make Wood its colonel.

This looks, at a first glance, more like Roosevelt helping Wood than Wood helping Roosevelt; but such an assumption leaves out of view the fact that Roosevelt, eager to be at the front but conscious of his own ignorance of practical military affairs, needed most of all a teacher, and that Wood was competent to teach him just what he would require to know. The idea of the Rough Rider regiment was Roosevelt's own. For years he had cherished the thought, as he watched the bold equestrianism of the cowboys in the West and the fox-hunters and polo-players in the East, that here was the finest material in the whole country from which to recruit a cavalry contingent in case of war. It was Roosevelt's name which attracted enlistments everywhere; Wood's was almost or quite unknown. Wood had hardly put Roosevelt through his first paces in drill and field tactics, in the routine duties of command, and in the care of his men, when an accident placed Wood in charge of their brigade and raised Roosevelt to the head of the regiment. Here the future President's nominal rank corresponded for the first time with his actual prestige and authority, and he laid the foundation for the military element which entered so largely into his political campaigning a few months later.

Wood's advancement from a captain's grade in the army medical service to a full major-generalcy in five years is perhaps the most remarkable recorded in our day. It places him where practically nothing can prevent his attaining the supreme place in his profession while he is still a comparatively young man. For his latest rise he has to thank President Roosevelt, who never has forgotten the helping hand held out in 1898.

General S. B. M. Young also belongs in the list of useful friends. He and Roosevelt became acquainted in the West a good while before Wood came into view. Roosevelt was particularly attracted to him by his soldierly qualities. Not long before war was declared with Spain, at a luncheon in Washington where these three were present, the conversation turned upon the outlook, and Roosevelt and Wood told Young that they were laying their plans to get into the war if one came. "Then I will try to have you attached to my command, if I have one," said Young, "and I'll give you a chance

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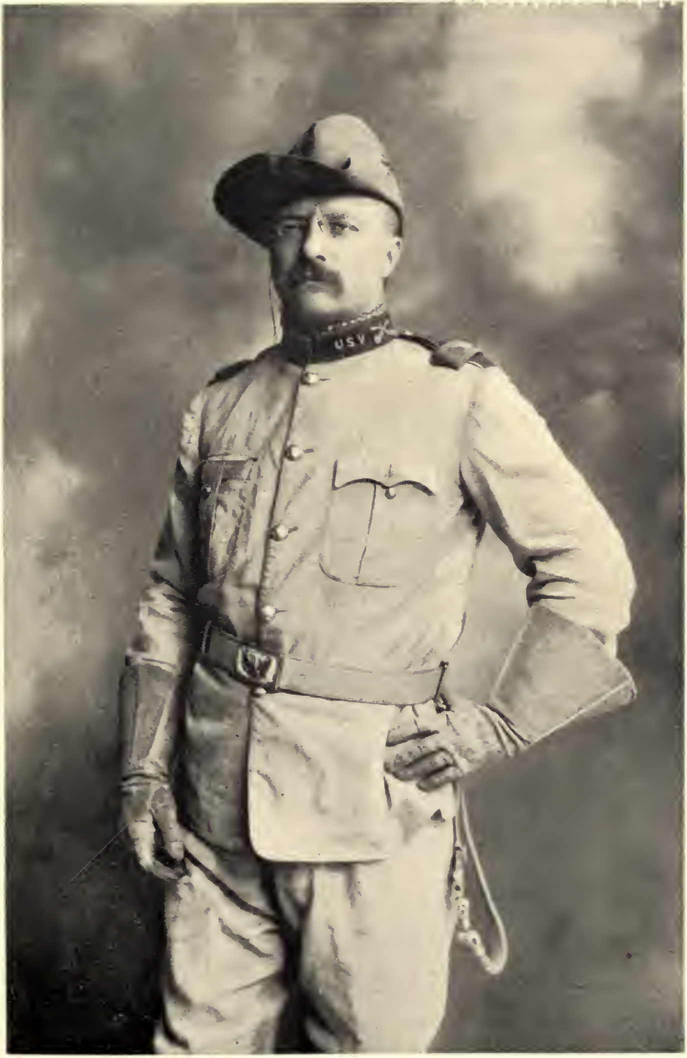

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COLONEL OF THE ROUGH RIDERS.

to see some fighting." He was as good as his word. The Rough Riders became part of his cavalry brigade. Young's attack of fever, incapacitating him for a time, was what devolved the command of the brigade on Wood and opened to Roosevelt his golden opportunity as colonel. Young forged ahead from that day forward, and has rounded out his career, by grace of President Roosevelt, as the last lieutenant-general commanding the army and the first chief of the general staff.

Jacob A. Riis was a police reporter on the Sun when Roosevelt went back to New York to become president of the Board of Police Commissioners. Not content with doing his daily stint of work and drawing his salary, Riis had addressed himself to the task of making more tolerable the condition of the poor people with whom his duties brought him into contact. His book, How the Other Half Lives, arrested Roosevelt's attention, and the reporter was pleased and surprised at finding on his desk one day the card of the president of the board, with the scribbled sentence, "I have come to help." Roosevelt had discovered, through Riis's book, the man who could show him where a monumental reform might be accomplished, and who would lend a hand at putting it through. By their joint efforts they ridded New York of scores of vile tenement-houses, opened clean breathing-places for the poor where filth and foul air had formerly held undisputed sway, compelled the police to do their duty even to the helpless denizens of the slums, and left the big city a much better place than they had found it when they entered on their program of improvement. Mr. Riis is still a plain citizen. Probably he will, of his own choice, always remain such, and win more glory from his achievements as one of the people than from all the official honors that could be heaped upon him; but when the project for the purchase of the Danish West Indies was under way the President offered him the governorship of that colony.

I have chosen these few illustrations as typical of many. I am conscious that so bald a presentation of them may leave Mr. Roosevelt open to the charge of repaying favors done to him as a man, with offices which are committed to his trust as President. Such a theory, however, would rest only on a partial view of the facts. Just as Mr. Roosevelt's conception of duty ignores all sorts of magnificent ideals at long range and fastens itself upon the tasks which lie nearest his hand, so his judgment of men, and his faith in their ability to do certain things, are formed much more surely on their accomplishments under his own eyes than on any public reputation they may have gained elsewhere. He is a good appreciator. He knows when a job has been well done for him, and he would rather have that evidence of the workman's capacity for larger jobs than a hundred testimonials to the excellence of the same man's work for others.

It is doubtless this sense of personal familiarity which accounts for the obtrusion of "my regiment" into almost every subject that comes before him. The Rough Riders were the joy of his heart. He had had virtually his pick of men; and, realizing the chances of war, he had begun from the start a search for lieutenants who would do to make into captains, sergeants who could safely be raised to lieutenancies, corporals who deserved to be sergeants, and privates who had corporals' stuff in them. Thus he became acquainted substantially with all the members of the regiment, certainly with all whose characteristics were in any wise pronounced. As a result, he discovered qualities in them which many officers would have overlooked, and these clung in his memory, so that he has since had a trooper story to fit every situation. It is worth noting, also, that he has had a trooper in the flesh to fit more than one. When an enterprise of particular difficulty or hazard is to be set afoot for the Government, his first thought is always of the men who went with him to Cuba. They were a resourceful lot, as well as fearless. For the less perilous positions, like those of Territorial governor, customs appraiser, postmaster, etc., he has selected a few; and in positions which combine a peaceful purpose with an occasional personal risk, like forest rangers in the far West, a goodly number are making creditable records.

One bitter disappointment awaited the President in his effort to make use of his soldier friends in civil office. A marshal was to be appointed for Arizona. The position is of the kind which calls for very little book-learning but a great deal of common sense, persistency, and courage. The politicians swarmed over the White House, recommendations in hand. This man was indorsed by the Republican Territorial committee, that one had been a generous contributor to the campaign fund, a third had once been favorably considered by President McKinley, and so on.

"Thank you," said Mr. Roosevelt, "I have my man selected. His name is Ben Daniels. He has no political backing, but I know him clear through for a soldier who never received an order which he could not execute. He is dead game; and as a marshal, when he goes for a malefactor he will fetch him in, if it takes all the horses and all the ammunition in the Territory."

"Daniels is a pretty rough character," argued the politicians. "Are you sure he'll pass muster?"

"I've seen smoother persons," responded the President, without wavering; "but it is not exactly a polished gentleman I'm looking for to hunt down desperate murderers and drag professional highwaymen to justice."

So in went the name of Benjamin Franklin Daniels to the Senate. The nomination was referred, in the regular order, to the Committee on Judiciary, of which Mr. Hoar of Massachusetts, the most scholarly and refined of Senators, is chairman. The choice for an important Federal office of just such a specimen—an ex-denizen of a Southwestern mining-camp who lacked half an ear as a memento of an encounter with a "bad man"—was not quite the customary thing; but it was allowed to pass till somebody came forward with the charge that Daniels was a hard drinker. This was brought to the notice of the President.

"Daniels used to drink hard," he asserted. "He has told me all about that. But he's straight now."

Then came an accuser with a story of the candidate's gambling propensities.

"Quite true," responded the President, when questioned. "Ben never made any secret of that. He used to have an interest in a game, but it was a square one. The code of manners in the community where he grew up is not quite that of New England. A good many men of first-rate mettle in the pioneer West have drunk out of a bottle and paid their way at times from the proceeds of a poker-pot. These are not practises which we sterner moralists should commend on general principles, but we have to judge such things comparatively, and in the light of the local environment. I never heard that Ben was a 'skin' gambler, and in any event he has promised me that he will not touch a card while he remains in office."

Thus matters seemed to be moving fairly for the marshal-elect, when suddenly some one who had been following his life's trail made the startling announcement that a person named Benjamin Daniels had once served a term in the Wyoming Penitentiary for theft. The parallel between the convict Daniels and the Daniels who had been named for marshal of Arizona seemed complete in such particulars as age and appearance.

The critics became inquisitive again, and this time their questions found the President perturbed in spirit. The prison record showed that, when the thief Daniels was sentenced, the court had taken cognizance of his youth and made his punishment lighter than it might, because it was plain that he had been led into his criminal escapade by older and more forceful men.

But that was not the phase of the question uppermost in the President's mind. His one thought was: "Has Ben Daniels deceived me by holding back this fact when I asked him for a full and honest story of his life?" The telegraph was called into play. Daniels admitted his identity with the former convict. A pathetic letter followed his despatch of confession. It told of his effort to live down the past, and the hope he had cherished that his colonel's belief in him would open a new and better chapter in his career. But it was too late. His commission, already signed, was canceled. One thing Theodore Roosevelt can not brook: the discovery of bad faith where he has placed his trust.

CHAPTER V

PRESIDENT AND CABINET

Official families by inheritance—First break in the Roosevelt Cabinet—What led to Mr. Gage's resignation—A quaint tribute—Other changes—A new chair at the table, and how filled.

THE relations of Presidents with their Cabinets make an interesting chapter in the political history of the country from the days of Washington down. Mr. Roosevelt's relation to his was unique. It came to him by inheritance, but not as Arthur's descended; for Arthur had become Vice-President through a makeshift move at the conclusion of the national convention of 1880, and represented, then and later, the element in his party antipodal to that which had supported Garfield. Roosevelt, on the other hand, had been nominated for Vice-President by the same united party that had nominated McKinley for a second term as President. He was easily the first choice of his whole party for the second place in the Government, just as he was the second choice of his whole party for the first place. There was no personal antagonism between President and Vice-President. When McKinley fell, therefore, and Roosevelt stepped into the vacant office, his inauguration was in the nature of the acceptance of a trusteeship. He had but one course to follow—the completion of the work McKinley had begun, with only such additions or emendations as the shifting tide of events during the next three years might demand. Hence, what more natural than that he should try to keep at his side the same group of advisers whom McKinley had brought together to help execute the policies mapped out for a second and more memorable term? Mr. Roosevelt's invitation to the whole Cabinet to remain with him was offered almost at the bedside of the murdered President. It derived a special solemnity from its surroundings, and every one concerned was impressed by this. It was accepted as it was made, in entire good faith, and without reserve. The publicists of the country received it as a first earnest of the new President's conservatism and good sense; the people applauded it as his response to a generous impulse thoroughly characteristic of him.

But human nature is only human nature. As one coat will not fit all men, so with one group of counselors. It was not long before circumstances seemed to make certain changes in the Cabinet imperative. Mr. Gage, the Secretary of the Treasury, was the first to drop out, after the unusual term of five years of service. The parting, which occasioned much comment at the time and has been made the subject of gross misrepresentation, was in the best of friendship, and yet there is no denying that the first suggestion of it came with the manifestation by the President of a trait peculiarly his own. From the time he entered upon an executive career, it had been Mr. Roosevelt's fortune to be thrown with men lacking his masterful ways, and he had fallen into the habit of taking charge of affairs himself, regardless of what the specific relations of others might be to them. As President of the United States he was, of course, supreme in the Administration, and at liberty to do what he chose in the domain of officers whom he could appoint and remove. But President McKinley had always been punctilious about the formal courtesies even with his own appointees. They had grown to expect a certain routine to be followed in all administrative work. Mr. Gage was himself a strict observer of the proprieties, and looked for them in others. This meant that when any information was desired by the President concerning a matter within the Treasury jurisdiction, he should make his request for it of the Secretary, who in turn would call upon the proper subordinate for the facts, and transmit the subordinate's report, after revising it, to the President. The correspondence in such cases constitutes what is known in official phraseology as a "record," and a copy of it is kept on file.

Mr. Roosevelt has always felt, however, except as to business which involved the fixing of individual responsibility for an official act, that "records" were a good deal of a nuisance. Just as he discarded his sword in Cuba because it got in the way of his legs, so at an early stage of his career in office he discarded all routine methods where mere information was to be sought and obtained. As Civil-Service Commissioner he used to say that if he wished to learn how something was going on in an executive office, he could get more satisfaction out of a few minutes' talk face to face with the clerk who had charge of the business itself than from a fortnight's formal correspondence with the head of the department. This idea he carried into all his work from that time forward. Red tape grew more and more hateful to him. As President, therefore, when he wished to know something about the immigration service, and know it right away, he would send for the Commissioner-General of Immigration, and in a half-hour's conversation go over the whole ground; or if he wished to ascertain something definite about the conduct of a certain public officer, he would send for the chief of the Secret Service and instruct him orally whom to watch and what trails to pursue.

Doubtless this did save a great deal of time and avoid much useless circumlocution, but it was not the "regular" thing to do. Moreover, strongly as it may appeal to the judgment of a majority of civilians in private life, every one conversant with official business knows that such a practise can not become general without utterly demoralizing a service by undermining its discipline, since that must rest upon each subordinate's sense of responsibility to his immediate chief. It is hardly wonderful, therefore, that Secretary Gage soon grew restive under the restraints of an office in which he was expected to defer always to his own superior, while his lieutenants were not expected to show like deference to him.

I would not be understood as saying that this was the cause of Mr. Gage's retirement from the Cabinet. It was only the first of a group of contributory influences. The dropping of George R. Bidwell and the appointment of Nevada N. Stranahan as Collector of Customs at New York in opposition to the wishes of the Secretary, who retained to the last his objection to any change, increased the tension of the situation pretty nearly to the breaking-point. But there were other considerations involved also. Mr. Gage had made a wonderfully successful administration of the fiscal affairs of the Government. He had carried the nation through a foreign war not only without impairing the quality of its currency, but with such credit as enabled him to begin refunding the public debt at 2 per cent, and to see even the 2-per-cent bonds quoted at a premium. He was at the zenith of his prestige as a financier; his name was as familiar as a household word on every bourse in the world. No higher honors were within his reach. Withal, he was advancing in years and nearing the crest from which all roads lead downward. The business of the country, unless the lessons of the past were misleading, was soon to enter the period of liquidation which surely follows an era of uncommon prosperity. To use his own homely phrase, "When that time comes, I'm willing to let some other fellow walk the floor." If, therefore, Mr. Gage were to return to private life while still in condition to take a prominent part in its activities, the time to do so seemed to be at hand. A dozen most flattering opportunities lay open before him. One of these he presently decided to accept, having first placed his resignation in the President's hands and asked to be released not later than a certain date. The President had urged him to remain, but, finding the Secretary's resolve unalterable, yielded to his request.

Not an unpleasant word passed between the two men at any stage of their relations. The President knew Mr. Gage's value, but recognized the wide difference in their training and the irreconcilable variance of their points of view on certain matters. Mr. Gage, though disagreeing with the President in more than one opinion and realizing the essential antagonism of their methods, cherished only admiration of his young chief's character and wished him every success. I remember that one day, just before his retirement, he was describing to me a vigorous stand the President had taken on a question called up in Cabinet; when, raising one clenched fist in air and bringing it down upon his office table with a resounding bang, he threw his head back and exclaimed in his quaint way: "Take him all around, there's the finest forty-year-older I ever saw!"

Many persons, deceived by false reports of disaffection, assumed that Mr. Gage's resignation was the first symptom of a general disintegration of the Cabinet. My own opinion, based upon the unwritten history of the period, was that, so far from being symptomatic of changes yet to come, this break simply furnished an outlet for some of the administrative humors which might have resulted in a general eruption if they had been allowed to accumulate under the surface. In other words, it called sharply to the mind of the President a few possibilities which had not come seriously home to him before, and undoubtedly had the effect of modifying certain of his tendencies. Nothing can change his own directness into indirection, or soften his contempt for mere bureaucratic routine; but if he has not wholly ceased his habit of reaching into a department over the head of its chief and negotiating with the subordinates face to face, he at least tries to remember to speak of the matter to the chief, so that the officer responsible for the management of the department shall not be ignorant of what is passing therein.

Two other changes in the Cabinet roster occurred during the first year of Mr. Roosevelt's presidency. Both of these were free from even the suggestion of such preliminary friction as gave the prime impulse to Mr. Gage's retirement. Charles Emory Smith, who resigned the postmaster-generalship, had planned to do this even if Mr. McKinley had remained President, as his private business interests demanded an attention which he could not give them while in office, and he could not afford to sacrifice his whole future to a longer stay in Washington. Secretary Long resigned the navy portfolio because he was thoroughly tired. The domestic bereavement and unremitting anxiety which had clouded the entire period of his Cabinet service could have only one effect upon a man with such a passion as his for home and family and peace. The associations of a public career at the capital became distasteful to him, and he longed for a chance to return to the quiet of his old life and occupations.

Secretary Moody, who succeeded Mr. Long, formed while in Congress the pleasantest sort of an acquaintance with Mr. Roosevelt. They were fellow members of a little circle in Washington who saw a good deal of each other out of office hours. It was composed largely of Eastern men in the executive and legislative branches of the Government, who were bound together by their common youth and by the tie of active interest in the same subjects. Mr. Moody is essentially a man of the people, reared in a community of hardy fisher-folk on the Massachusetts coast; his climb to his present eminence has called into play all the bold and rugged traits in his composition, and this is the sort of thing that captures a heart like the President's. His service as a member of the House Committee on Appropriations and his interest in naval affairs seemed to give him a peculiar fitness for the head of a department which had before it the task of strengthening the sea power of the United States.

Mr. Root, who was President McKinley's Secretary of War, remained under President

Roosevelt till he had completed the reforms in the military establishment to which he had addressed himself at the start, and then resigned, greatly to the regret of all his associates. He, however, had been Mr. Roosevelt's close friend and adviser in New York politics before either came to Washington for his final triumph. In the Cabinet he and Mr. Knox, the Attorney-General, supplied an element which Mr. Roosevelt lacked—the faculty of cool and patient calculation of technical problems into which no component of human personality entered.

Of Secretary Cortelyou it suffices to say that his appointment as the first Secretary of Commerce was due to his display of a special talent for organization. He is not a discoverer or an inventor. He is not a trained economist. He has never shown any particular gifts for statecraft in its broader sense. But he is a rigidly upright man, and has certain practical virtues which the President admires vastly—in others—caution, method, and a genius for making minutiæ count. Mr. Cortelyou might have been unequal to the perplexities of the Treasury administration, or those which Secretary Root had to face in effecting his military reforms; but of his ability to install a new department and set it running, to compose the differences between the existing mechanisms transferred to it, to man and equip the new bureaus created especially for it, to trim the overlapping functions of all these component parts and readjust their relations so as to reduce their friction to a minimum: of this there was no room for doubt. Moreover, the new department had been for years a dream of Mr. Roosevelt's. It was one of the progressive ideas advanced in his first message as President. Mr. Cortelyou had been closely associated with him throughout the period in which the dream acquired substance, and Congress molded that substance into its final form. What had been in the President's mind had passed thence into Mr. Cortelyou's by daily contact. The factor knew just what ends his principal had in view, and the means by which he purposed to reach these, if possible. No one else, probably, could have executed his initial plans with so little hesitancy and so few mistakes.

CHAPTER VI

TWO COUNCILORS IN PARTICULAR

Secretary Shaw's personality—His rise in the world—A Yankee who "gets there"—Postmaster-General Payne—The Cabinet politician—Faulty training for an investigator.

LIMITS of space forbid my touching especially on any of the members of President Roosevelt's Cabinet except those who have gone out or come in during his term. The most notable of his own appointments are those of Secretary of the Treasury Shaw and Postmaster-General Payne. Both were made while the young President was still somewhat new at his work, and the choice of men for two positions of so commanding importance affords us an interesting glimpse of his mental processes.

Leslie M. Shaw was a lawyer and banker in a small interior town. He had acquired no repute as a financier. It is doubtful whether his name was recognized, when first mentioned by the press in connection with the succession to Lyman J. Gage, by ten readers in every hundred, and even the ten probably had vague and variegated notions of who he was. The President himself did not know him on his business side, but only as a conspicuous political figure in the Middle West. They had met a few times while Mr. Roosevelt was making one of his campaign dashes through the upper Mississippi Valley; all the rest of their impressions of each other were absorbed from the atmosphere and an occasional anecdote.

Shaw was genial and hearty in manner, a good story-teller, fond of his joke. But from behind his bluff and apparently careless exterior he looked out upon the world through a pair of keen, shrewd, gray-blue eyes that saw a deal more than their owner always cared to speak about; and his quiet chuckle often had more significance in the ears of his intimate friends than his words. He was too self-poised to be a respecter of persons; the multimillionaire could no more unsettle his equanimity than the wage-laborer. He was candid enough, even when addressing a Republican audience, to praise President Cleveland for saving the public credit in the stormy days of 1893–94. Mr. Roosevelt took a fancy to him at their first meeting and retained a vivid memory of it.

But why should this man have been chosen for Secretary of the Treasury? Thereby hangs a tale.

Mr. Shaw was a Vermonter by birth. Early in life he had drifted to Iowa, where he had received his education for the bar and begun practise. Like a multitude of others beginning in the same fashion, he found the law a hard taskmistress, and her prizes few and slow of dispensation. He struggled along for a while without complaint, but his Maker had not given him eyes and ears and a brain for nothing, and he began to consider whether there were not ways, outside of the narrow path of his profession, by which he could stimulate his lagging income. A visit to his boyhood home suggested a plan. The farms there were pretty well worn out, and mortgagors could not afford to pay more than 4 or 5 per cent interest on their loans; at that low rate, indeed, they often found themselves unable to keep up, and stories of foreclosure, discouragement and removal were to be heard on every hand. But in Iowa, behold the difference: rich soil, heavy crops, well-packed granaries, a thrifty, contented farming population, and yet loans on farm mortgages commanding 8 and 10 per cent.

The difference was traceable, of course, to the fact that Vermont was an old community, long known in the haunts of capital as a next-door neighbor, whereas Iowa was a stranger at a distance, hazily confused in the minds of most of the Eastern money-lenders with the rest of a big Out West whence their loans sometimes came back and sometimes didn't.

One bright morning young Shaw awoke with a start. "Why," said he, "should I not take some of the Eastern capital which is going begging at 4 and 5 per cent, and clap it into Iowa mortgages which will gladly yield 8 and 10, and pocket half the difference as my commission?"

It did not take him long to put this ingenious scheme into execution. It worked to a charm. Without ceasing to be a lawyer, he became also a banker, making Iowa farm mortgages his specialty. His Western friends were delighted to have the means of enlarging their borders, putting up additional buildings, buying new machinery. His Eastern friends were delighted at the increase of their revenues. His firm made money hand over fist.

Then came the first threatening sign. Two or three bad-crop years wrought Kansas into a fever. The Farmers' Alliance, starting as a cross-roads society, gathered unto it most of the malcontent elements in the agricultural and mining West, and they all with one accord began to concoct nostrums instead of giving nature a chance. The Populist movement took shape; the Democrats as a party marched into the Populist hospital. The free coinage of silver, once a mere factional fad, became the one great partizan issue before the whole country. The East, as a matter of course, took fright. It knew too little of the West to distinguish between the sound and the affected parts. It classed Iowa, the rich farming State with her trustworthy climate, her well-satisfied people, and her common-sense grip on the honest dollar, with some of her delirious neighbors. "Send us back our money," cried the East, "and look to us for no more till you can give us some assurance that the hundred cents which go out to you will return one hundred, and not fifty!"

It was a sorry outlook for the banking system established by Mr. Shaw. He saw that, in order to convince the East that Iowa was not smitten with the free-silver epidemic, heroic measures must be taken. He accordingly plunged into politics. Wherever he could get a hearing he waked the echoes with his speeches for sound money. Not content with the plea for a conservative bimetalism with which more timid orators were trying to stay the spread of the scourge, he took the aggressive, and boldly demanded the single gold standard, scorning all evasions and mental reservations. He made a good fight. It caught and held popular attention. The mass of the voting population of Iowa liked it. In due season they seated him in the Governor's chair by a handsome majority. At Des Moines fortune favored him, and he made few bad errors. It was as Governor, with this record behind him, that he encountered Mr. Roosevelt, then running for Vice-President. Neither of the twain could look into the future far enough to see what was in store for himself or for the other. Each cherished the hope that the highest place in the gift of the people might one day be his, and each had set 1904 as the date for their contest of strength.

Then came the tragedy at Buffalo. From the hour when President McKinley breathed his last Mr. Shaw became a Roosevelt man for 1904. His own aspirations were shattered by Czolgosz's bullet. When Mr. Gage retired President Roosevelt's first thought turned to the hero of the Iowa gold-standard campaign. He reasoned that the man who was not afraid to make such a fight for honest money as a State issue would not fail when the need came for self-assertion in a national crisis.

Possibly occasions have arisen since that day to raise doubts in the President's mind as to the wisdom of his choice. Mr. Shaw's first radical departures from all the precedents of his office were made during Mr. Roosevelt's absence from Washington, and therefore without consultation. The stir they created in financial circles was enough to cause some misgivings in even the stoutest heart. But the Secretary wore well. He proved to be, if not a great financial light, at least a man of expedients, true to his Yankee type. Measures had been introduced in Congress to relieve the congestion of the surplus revenues in the Treasury vaults, but an obstinate opposition had prevented their passage. Many lifelong currency reformers were discouraged, but Mr. Shaw said: "If we can not get new legislation, let us see whether we have yet exhausted the resources of the old." And with that he prepared his plan for restoring the surplus to the channels of trade by depositing in the banks all the money that was not actually needed as a working balance for the Treasury.

"You are bound to have your surplus gain on you, though," the reformers reminded him, "for the law requires that every dollar paid in for customs shall go into the Treasury and stay there; and every dollar paid in for internal taxes, though subject to deposit in the banks directly from the pocket of the taxpayer, must stay in the Treasury vaults, if it once gets bodily into them, till an act of Congress lifts it out again."

"Not so," returned the Secretary. "The internal revenue receipts are always constructively in the Treasury when they are on deposit in the banks. It makes no difference whether they have never gone into the Treasury, or whether I have taken them in first and then let them out. The whole transaction is a mere matter of bookkeeping."

"We must have new legislation to make the currency system more elastic, so that its volume will increase and decrease in ready response to commercial needs," said the reformers.

"Suppose we try existing law and see how far it will carry us," was the Secretary's answer. And he proceeded to release for use as security for bank-note circulation all the Government bonds which the banks had pledged as security for Federal deposits, letting the banks substitute for these the soundest State and municipal bonds; for the law as he read it, although distinctly requiring United States bonds as security for bank-note issues, vested in the Secretary a rather wide discretion as to the collateral he might accept for Treasury deposits.

So much for the quick and easy increase of circulation. "But elasticity involves also the ability of the banks to retire their notes just as quickly and easily," argued the reformers, "and the present law limits the total retirements of all the banks to three million dollars a month."

"Tut!" was the Secretary's reply; "you've read the statute carelessly. It limits not the retirement of bank circulation, but only the deposit of legal-tender notes in the Treasury with a view to redeeming it. The banks can retire their circulation as fast as they wish to, if they can put their hands on their notes."

And so the play of objections and the counterplay of unsuspected ways and means has gone on. Whatever doubts the President may at first have entertained of the Secretary's breadth were long ago resolved by the discovery of his sharpness. Mr. Roosevelt likes a man who wastes no time explaining why he can not do a thing, but does it; who, if he lacks the most suitable tools, seizes those which lie nearest his hand and goes to work. Such a man he seems to have found in Leslie M. Shaw, thanks to an instinct which guided him straight when elaborate reasoning would probably have led him in another direction.

Charles Emory Smith was succeeded as Postmaster-General by Henry C. Payne. This appointment occasioned the most wide-spread surprise. Mr. Roosevelt had a reputation throughout the world as a political reformer; Mr. Payne had a reputation throughout the country as a dyed-in-the-wool politician, with a politician's traditional contempt for reform. What could two such men have in common?

It was because of something which they did not have in common that Mr. Payne was chosen. Mr. Roosevelt, self-confident in most situations, always harbored a feeling of ignorance and helplessness about politics in the narrower sense; and when Mr. Smith announced his purpose to retire the President decided that now was the time to bring into the Cabinet an element it utterly lacked. There was not a single practical politician in the group. This was not surprising in view of the fact that Mr. McKinley, who had called it together, was himself by far the ablest politician in the United States, and needed no aid in the line of his own specialty. Mr. Payne, who had a great name as a party manager and was understood to have a wonderful grasp of detail, was accordingly summoned to the vacant place. He was chairman of the Republican National Executive Committee, and it was expected that his counsels at the Cabinet table would turn the scale on mooted points of policy where the arguments pro and con seemed evenly balanced. The question would then be reduced to: "Other considerations being equal, what would be the expedient course to take?" And Mr. Payne's advice would settle it.

But the plans of Presidents are no surer of execution than those of other men. Mr. Roosevelt must soon have awakened to two truths which many of his friends had already tried in vain to impress upon him: first, that it requires a different class of talents to handle the petty politics within a party and to handle the larger politics of a whole nation; and, second, that, in view of his unparalleled personal popularity, he could beat the professional politicians at their own game, two to one.

Mr. Payne had been all his life a party manager, but not a popular leader. The subordinates in his own party organization to whom he issued an order knew that they must obey it without pausing to ask questions. If he favored seating one set of delegates and rejecting another set who were knocking at a convention's doors, and he was able to sway the decision, that was the end of the matter. The result might excite some dissatisfaction within the party, or give a certain faction an advantage in the next primaries, but that did not mean necessarily a change of party fortunes at the polls. When he came into the Cabinet, however, a wider vista of possible consequences opened before every one of his official acts. Any policy he mapped out would affect not merely his party subordinates or a party faction but the whole American people, comprising all parties and all factions.

One of the first problems which presented itself to Mr. Payne was the Indianola outrage. The post-office at Indianola, Miss., had been presided over for some years, and with entire acceptability as far as known, by Mrs. Minnie

Cox, a colored woman of good repute. A revival of race proscription which broke out in the winter of 1901–02 caused a mob to collect and threaten Mrs. Cox with violence unless she resigned her office. She was not conscious of any offense, but through fear sent her resignation to Washington and with her family fled from the town.

All Mr. Payne's combativeness came to the surface at once. He was not only indignant at the poor woman's treatment, but he recognized the dramatic features of the situation. He was ready to proceed to any lengths in reasserting the majesty of the Federal Government. Had he been President, we should undoubtedly have seen Mrs. Cox drawn from her place of refuge and sent back to Indianola under a military escort, and a cordon of troops around the post-office would have protected its occupants and its business from further molestation till the excitement had died down.

He was not President, however. The man who was felt not a whit less indignant, but manifested his sentiment in a way that, without any sacrifice of impressiveness, saved the dignity of the Government and raised no constitutional issues. He simply closed the post-office, and allowed the citizens of Indianola to pay for their folly by going five miles to the next office for their mail. The punishment fitted the crime to a dot: a community which had relapsed into barbarism had no longer any claim upon the luxuries that accompany modern civilization. No armed force was sent to compel it to be decent against its will; a privilege it had enjoyed while decent simply dropped out when it surrendered its self-respect.

The next problem which came before Mr. Payne was the cleansing of his own executive household. I refer to the investigation of the scandals in the postal service which kept the American people under a stress of mingled curiosity and disgust for the better part of the year 1903.

It is but just to say at the outset that Mr. Payne has borne in this matter a great deal of blame which he does not deserve. When the charges of fraud were first brought to his notice he carried them to the President and announced his purpose of investigating them and punishing any wrongdoing he discovered. The only point on which the President and he appear to have disagreed in judgment was the method of proceeding, and here is where the essential difference in the nature and training of the two men affected their points of view. Mr. Roosevelt had been throughout his career fighting in the open and challenging all comers. Mr. Payne had never held public office, but had done all his work as a disciplinarian within the Republican organization and his fighting from behind the party breastworks. When a season of stump-speaking was to begin, he had prepared the statistics of crime among the Democrats and the history of numberless virtuous acts among the Republicans, with which to impress listening crowds; but never the reverse. If an investigation was to be made for the purpose of collecting material for the next campaign book, it was never his own party, but the other, that he caused to be investigated. He was puzzled to decide just how to go at the task of raking over the misdeeds of his Republican associates.

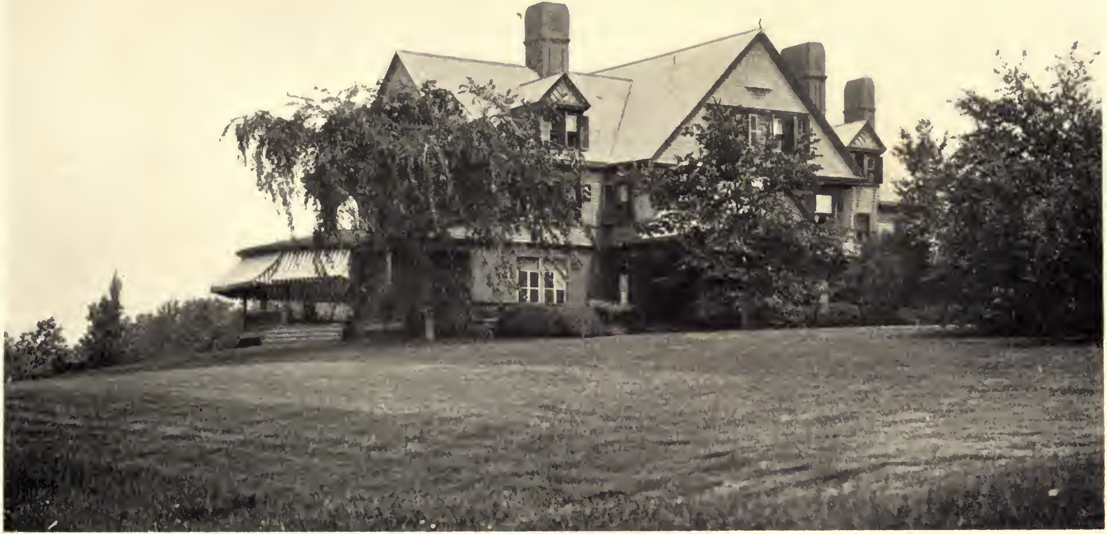
Who could tell whither the trails might lead? Might not the revelations be seized by the Democrats and used as campaign capital? Would it not be best to have all the house-cleaning done by the family, and within the family, and its results known to the family alone? Grub out every rootlet and shred of dishonesty, by all means; but would not needless publicity give rise to scandals, and scandals damage the party?

The President's theory was that no amount of publicity could possibly damage the party, or anybody connected with it, so much as a suspicion in the popular mind that the Administration was drawing a cloak over crime. The detective machinery must be set to work secretly, of course, lest some of the offenders take fright prematurely and spread the alarm among the rest, and those who were clever enough should be able to cover their tracks and baffle pursuit. But if, as seemed inevitable, the facts should leak out, no attempt must be made to deny or minimize them; to mislead the people would be worse than advertising the whole business to the world at first.

Mr. Payne's lifelong habit of sneering at accusations aimed against him and his, however, was too strong to be overcome in an instant. Before he was fully aware of what he was doing he had begun throwing contempt upon the published accounts of the investigation in progress. When the charges of Seymour W. Tulloch were filed, he set out with an assertion that they did not amount to anything, and then, when their substance had found its way into print in spite of him, jauntily dismissed them as merely "hot air."

No extraordinary keenness of insight is needed to see the folly of such an attitude when assumed by the head of a great department toward a scandal which had tainted the whole atmosphere of that department. The time for discovering that the Tulloch charges were only "hot air" would have come when the charges had been examined and discredited by evidence, or the lack of it. It was the same way at every stage of the proceedings. First Mr. Payne would talk to no one about what was going on, then he would go to the opposite extreme and become loquacious. One day he would insist that the press had dragged up the whole miserable business for sensational purposes, and was magnifying molehills into mountains; the next, he would declare that, gross as were the iniquities already brought to light, he foresaw worse revelations yet to come. These shifts of position were attributed in some quarters to bad faith and a purpose to deceive the public, in others to a frequent change of policy by the Administration. As a matter of fact, they were merely the fruit of Mr. Payne's idiosyncrasies. He had been for years an invalid, whose illness took on changeful phases from day to day. It might find him in good spirits on waking, and leave him in deep dejection at bedtime. One week he needed all his will power to force himself through his regular routine of duty, the next would see him as eager as a fighting-cock. Time-tried campaigner as he was, the maker and destroyer of other men's political fortunes, he had a heart as tender as a woman's in the presence of distress; and a fresh discovery that some trusted employee had been leading a double life would throw over him a pall of depression of which he could not relieve himself for a fortnight.

Through the whole of this trying period the single prominent figure that stood always in one place, with face turned in one direction, was the President's. His policy never wavered, his force of character overrode every obstacle. Even the indefatigable Bristow, the special investigator clothed with the powers of detective, judge, jury and executioner, seemed inclined to pause now and then in his work and turn aside for a moment when the train of testimony bore too straight toward some public officer high in confidence; at once would come fresh orders from the White House, never fired



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THE PRESIDENT'S HOME, SAGAMORE HILL, OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

into the air for the benefit of the outside multitude, but shot right at the mark, like: "Follow up So-and-so"; "Do not let up on such-and-such a line of search"; "The enclosed newspaper paragraph suggests a new lead; get your hands on everybody concerned."

When the prosecution of the thieves and grafters seemed to lag a little more than circumstances justified, and the District Attorney explained that the delay was due to the immense burden of work thrown upon the law-officers of the Government, the President quietly reached out and brought to their aid two of the best lawyers he knew in private life: Charles J. Bonaparte, a sworn foe to spoilsmen everywhere and an unsparing critic of Federal administrations in the past, and Holmes Conrad, a stanch Democrat of the old school, who could have no compunctions of any sort in hunting down Republican rogues. All the "politics" of the situation, as far as Mr. Roosevelt could see, was the politics of capturing rascals and putting them into the penitentiary or the pillory, regardless of who they were or by whom appointed, or what the particular influence that still stood at their backs. If damage were to come to the party, it would come, he believed, from having rottenness in the postal service, not from digging it out.

Mr. Payne's unfortunate lack of discretion was revealed also in dealing with the Delaware cases, where he involved the President quite needlessly in a snarl with the best people of the country. But that matter must be left for another chapter.

CHAPTER VII

"THE LARGER GOOD" AND "THE BEST HE COULD"

The Cuban reciprocity fight—Buying coalers for the navy—An attorney rebuked—New York liquor law enforcement—The Shidy case—Keeping faith with a scamp.

ON broad lines, Mr. Roosevelt is guided in his action by settled policies; as to the details of working these out, he turns to account whatever happens. He takes men as he finds them, bolts his disappointments, worships no fetishes. "Hitch your wagon to a star," he says, "but always remember your limitations. Strive upward, but realize that your feet must touch the ground. In our Government you can only work successfully in conjunction with your fellows." It would probably be safe to say that he never laid down a general rule which he was not prepared to break the instant he saw it blocking the path to an important accomplishment, or what he calls "the larger good." He has a supreme contempt for a mere paper record of consistency, as contrasted with an historical record of ends actually achieved; and he has no use for the public man who, finding it impossible to do ideally the best thing, has not cheerfully done "the best he could" and thanked God for that.

President Roosevelt, in his first annual message, called upon Congress to enact a law authorizing a substantial reduction of the customs tariff on Cuban products imported into the United States. A President ambitious for a paper record simply would have made the recommendation and then thrown the blame upon Congress for the failure to carry it out. But he sought results, not reasons for the lack of them. When Congress seemed loath to do anything, he stirred it up with a special message. In the first communication he had made a simple proposal based upon the idea of our winning and holding Cuban friendship; in the second, he based his plea on Cuba's own right to tariff concessions in exchange for what she had granted to us. Still there was no response. At the next session the plea was renewed in the annual message. When it became apparent that no new law could be passed, it was suggested to him that a treaty might be negotiated.

"Good," said he, "negotiate a treaty." It made no difference to him what form the matter took—he had set out to get tariff concessions for Cuba, and he was bound to have them or find out why. Henry T. Oxnard, the Northwestern beet magnate, who had been fighting against any concessions to cane-sugar, came to the White House one morning to see how the land lay. I was in the room when the President walked up to him and warned him, with considerable vigor of utterance, that the penalty of his obstructing the effort to procure justice for Cuba through reciprocity legislation would be a treaty, in which, of course, no provision would be made for the differential duties on sugar, about which Mr. Oxnard was supposed to feel some concern.

"Are you opposed, Mr. President, to the abolition of the differentials?" inquired Mr. Oxnard.

"As I have repeatedly said," was the President's answer, "it does not make one iota of difference to me whether they go off or stay on. What I want is to see the United States carry out its moral pledge to Cuba, and this fight will be kept up forever, if necessary!"

It was in the same spirit that, after failing at two regular sessions to get what he felt was right and just, he called an extraordinary session of the Senate and held it down to its work till it had voted its approval of a treaty contingent only on the confirmatory action of Congress as a whole. This accomplished, the President took pains to let it be widely known that he purposed convening Congress before the regular meeting day in December, and no protest moved him from his plan.

What Mr. Roosevelt got out of all this was not what he set out to get, but as much as Congress would give him. He did "the best he could," and was content. He has been widely criticized for not compelling Congress to do its full duty by withholding patronage from those members who did not yield. Perhaps that would have been a shrewd move, but he would have felt awkward and out of place in making it. He took the course which commended itself to him—not necessarily the course which seemed best to others—and for it he was willing to be responsible. This has always been his attitude toward public obligations. He has never hugged to his soul the vain delusion that he could accomplish moral miracles in an age whose saints and prophets do most of their crying in the wilderness.

As Assistant Secretary of the Navy it was a part of his duty to purchase coaling ships for the Spanish War. Persons with such craft to sell came to him with proposals which would have sickened a man with a weaker stomach. They knew that in this emergency they had the Government at their mercy. He knew it, too. The hulks they offered were in many cases fit only for a marine bone-yard, and they demanded fancy prices even for these. Moreover, it was "Take it, or leave it," with them; they were not in a mood to haggle with a purchaser whom they knew to be in dire straits.

Alternative courses were open to Mr. Roosevelt. He could reject all overtures and publish the names of the men, the quality of the vessels offered, and the prices, in a list which would be spread as a newspaper sensation from coast to coast. This would hold the whole buccaneering crew up to public obloquy for a while, but the chances were that it would not bring two boats down to a price commensurate with their value or attract any more decent bidders. He would become theatrically famous as a "ring-smasher" and a "watch-dog" and all that; but the popular indignation, at a time so crowded with stirring events, would cool and be forgotten in forty-eight hours, leaving no solid results behind. And Heaven only knew, if these boats were refused, where any good ones were coming from to take their places.

On the other hand, if he accepted the offers, it was with the full foreknowledge that when the war was over the hulks would have to be sold for anything they would bring, and that the difference between their cost and their selling price would be charged against the record of his administration. It might even happen that he would be accused, like many another executant as honest of purpose as he, of connivance at working off worthless stuff upon the Government.

He was not the man to waste much time figuring on the consequences in this way. The one fact which stared him in the face was that the Government must have coalers, and right away. So he bought what he could not avoid buying, and he paid what he was compelled to pay. But the fact that he did not exploit the situation in order to "make a record" when it would not only do no good but also give comfort to the enemy, did not mean that he was swallowing his official grievances without a grimace. I burst in upon him one day at the department without warning, and found him in the middle of the floor, indulging in some very spirited talk to a visitor. As I was hastily withdrawing, he called me back.

"Stay here," said he; "I want to see you." Then he abruptly turned from me and again faced the third party, in whom I recognized, as the light fell on his face, a lawyer of some prominence and an office-holder under a former administration. Mr. Roosevelt's teeth were set, and very much in evidence, in the peculiar way they always are when he is angry. His spectacle-lenses seemed to throw off electric sparks as his head moved quickly this way and that in speaking; and his right fist came down from time to time upon the opposite palm as if it were an adversary's face. And this was about the way he delivered himself:

"Don't you feel ashamed to come to me to-day with another offer, after what you did yesterday? Don't you think that to sell one rotten ship to the Government is enough for a single week? Are you in such a hurry that you couldn't wait even over Sunday to force your damaged goods upon the United States? Is it an excess of patriotism that brings you here day after day, in this way, or only your realization of our necessities?"

"Why, our clients—" began the lawyer.

"Yes, I know all about your clients," burst in the Assistant Secretary. "I congratulate them on having an attorney who will do work for them which he wouldn't have the face to do for himself. I should think, after having enjoyed the honors you have at the hands of the Government, you'd feel a keen pride in your present occupation! No, I don't want any more of your old tubs. The one I bought yesterday is good for nothing except to sink somewhere in the path of the enemy's fleet. It will be God's mercy if she doesn't go down with brave men on her—men who go to war and risk their lives, instead of staying home to sell rotten hulks to the Government."

The air of the attorney as he bowed himself out was almost pitiable. The special glint did not fade from Mr. Roosevelt's glasses, nor did his jaws relax or his fist unclench, till the door closed on the retreating figure. Then his face lighted with a smile as he advanced to greet me.

"You came just in time," he cried. "I wanted you to hear what I had to say to that fellow; not"—and here his voice rose on the high falsetto wave which is always a sign that he is enjoying an idea while framing it in words—"not that it would add materially to the sum of *your* pleasure, but that it would humiliate *him* to have any one else present while I gave him his punishment. It is the only means I have of getting even."

One of the enterprises on which Mr. Roosevelt had set his heart when he accepted the Police Commissionership in New York was the closing of the saloons on Sunday. This was not because he was a teetotaler himself, or an extremist as to Sunday observance. But he was an out-and-out believer in the rule of law, and if a law was on the statute-book, and he was appointed a public agent to enforce it, enforced it should be. When the State got tired of the operation of any law, it was privileged to repeal it; but he would have no hand in keeping it alive but crippled.

Moreover, the half-way measures formerly pursued had not only put a premium on law-breaking, but lent a certain dignity to blackmail by making it an official trade. The saloon-keepers who were able and willing to bribe the police, or produce so many votes on election day, for the privilege of keeping a side-door open, had been allowed to do so, while those who were too decent or too poor were either compelled to close or brought under the heavy hand of the law.

There was no uncertain ring about the course he took in breaking up this condition of things. It startled the machine politicians of his own party, who charged to it and to his general attitude toward the enforcement of the liquor laws the success of Tammany Hall in the fall elections that year. It is all very well to say, as they have said repeatedly, that such a reform as he instituted does no good in a city like New York, which, as soon as it passes under another rule, slips back into its old course as if there had never been any interruption; but every thinking man knows that such reasoning is false. New York's police system has never got back to where it was before Mr. Roosevelt took hold of its administration. Till then good citizens had been beguiled with the plea that enforcement of the liquor laws was an impossibility; he showed that it was not. He did not set up a perfect reform mechanism, one which would run itself; but he proved that certain limitations formerly accepted without question did not exist except in timid minds, and that all that was needed was a man at the helm with the strength and the nerve to disregard them and try for something better. Having demonstrated the fact that the liquor laws can be enforced a good deal more effectually than the laws against forgery or theft, Commissioner Roosevelt did leave his native city in better condition than he found it. He had at least set a pace which none of his successors can shirk on the ground of its impracticability.

It will probably never be possible to reconcile to the minds of many upright New Yorkers the means adopted by the Police Board during this period, chiefly at the instance of Mr. Roosevelt, to obtain evidence against the saloonkeepers who made a practise of selling liquor to minors. Here was another case where the lesser good, in his judgment, had to give way to the larger. The traffic in strong drink among children had swelled to hideous proportions. The best estimates the board could obtain indicated that more than half the habitual drunkards who figured in the New York police courts had become such before they had reached the age at which they could lawfully buy intoxicants. Appalling crimes and catastrophes occurred continually which could be traced to the drunkenness of the child victims.

A boy who was regularly sent to buy liquor for the operatives in the factory where he was employed acquired a taste for it himself, and, falling into a drunken stupor one day in an empty building, was eaten alive by rats. It was such horrible examples of the evil, together with the earnest pleas of good men and women who labored among the poor in the slums, that settled in Mr. Roosevelt's mind the purpose to root out the abuse by any device within his reach, however liable to misconstruction. Of course, the only way to do this was to capture the miscreants who habitually sold liquor to children and send them to prison, till enough had been punished to terrorize any other barkeepers who were liable to commit the same crime. Equally of course, an adult could not procure the necessary evidence unaided, neither could a child whom a dram-seller did not know and whom he might therefore suspect of being a spy. The only means open was to take a child who had formerly purchased liquor at a certain place, send it again on the same errand, and make it furnish the proof required as the basis of a warrant for the dealer.

One of the police magistrates delivered a severe lecture from the bench in condemnation of this method of breaking up the traffic, on the ground that the statute forbidding the sale made it an offense for any one to be a party to it, and that the Police Board was violating the law as much as the liquor seller. Construing the law by its letter rather than its spirit, that may have been true; but the alternative proposed by this judge and other critics—that an officer in citizen's clothing could plant himself in the saloon, watch when the children came in for their liquor, and pounce upon the barkeeper in the act of selling—was obviously impracticable, and founded upon a false impression of the way such sales were conducted. The practise of the offending saloons was to admit child customers one by one into a narrow hallway, where they were out of sight of the ordinary patrons; this rendered it out of the question for any but a child who actually bought liquor to bring its seller to justice. The means which had to be employed was deplorable; but the question of morals to be settled was not whether it was right in itself to send a child after liquor, but whether it was better to do this a few times than to let the traffic go on indefinitely, as it had been going on for years in spite of all the legislation that could be invented for its suppression.

When he was Civil-Service Commissioner Mr. Roosevelt often had occasion to call into play his faculty for discriminating between the larger and the lesser good. One day a Washington newspaper published a series of sensational charges against the commission, alleging among other things that Mr. Roosevelt had shown himself as bad a spoilsman as any of the objects of his criticism, having gone place-hunting for a man whom he knew to be a rogue. "I demand an investigation," was the commissioner's prompt response, and he repeated it till he got what he wanted. The whole commission was under fire, as some of the charges were of the volley order. To recall all of these would make too long a story, but the one specially aimed at Mr. Roosevelt concerned his conduct in investigating the affairs of the post-office at Milwaukee, where trickery and fraud of the worst sort had been practised in the appointment of clerks without reference to the merit system. It did not take Mr. Roosevelt long, after entering on this inquiry, to discover that all the trails of guilt led right to the door of one Shidy, a clerk and a member of the local Civil-Service Board who had access to the register of eligibles. He therefore induced Shidy to meet him for a confidential talk. For some time they had a fruitless sparring match of questions and answers. The commissioner convinced himself that the man knew more than he dared to tell, and, after exhausting other means of getting at this, came down upon him with a flat demand for a statement.

"You are a servant of the Government," said he, "and it is your duty to stand by the Government in its attempt to procure essential evidence. I want nothing but the truth, but I want every word of that."

"I am in ill health and poor," was Shidy's answer, "and I can not afford to lose my place in the post-office, as I certainly shall if I unbosom myself."

"I will take care of that," replied Mr. Roosevelt. "You shall not be punished for telling the truth. Trust me to see that the Government does its duty by you, if you do your duty by the Government."

The result of this colloquy was a complete confession by Shidy of a most appalling series of frauds practised upon the local civil-service system. The eligible registers had been "padded" with names which had no business there; the order of standing of candidates after examination had been altered so as to get this man into the service and bar that man out; and so forth. The worst of the whole matter was that Shidy unblushingly described just how he did these things himself. He professed to have done them at the instigation of the postmaster; but the actual work of padding and shifting had been performed by his own hands, with the collusive knowledge of certain other parties.

The young commissioner, who had hardly expected such a revelation when he promised immunity to the witness, stood by his word, disagreeable as it was to do so; and when Shidy, after paving the way for the postmaster's removal, was himself dismissed from office, Mr. Roosevelt tried hard to have him reinstated. Failing in this, he went to Superintendent Porter of the Census Office, and with the aid of his colleague, Mr. Thompson, procured a clerkship there for his protégé.

When the framework of this episode came out at the congressional investigation, Mr. Roosevelt's enemies believed that they had got him into a corner and that he would have to find some shuffling excuse for lending himself to a scheme to keep such a scamp in the Government's employ with a full knowledge of his guilt. On the contrary, the commissioner went upon the stand and freely told the whole story from beginning to end. He defended his course by saying that, without direct testimony, any investigation by the commission would be a waste of time; the only way to get the necessary evidence in this instance was to promise that a wrongdoer who knew the truth should not suffer for telling it; and however repugnant it might be to him personally to carry out such a pledge after ascertaining all the facts, he felt that it was his duty to the Government to do so. It was a case where the larger good overshadowed the lesser, and he was prepared to stand by his record.

So impressed was the congressional committee with the candor and boldness of his attitude, that it declared in its report that the conduct of Messrs. Roosevelt and Thompson was not exceptional, nor did it "tend to the demoralization of the service. It would have been ground for criticism if, instead of keeping faith with the witness, they had permitted those who concealed the truth to escape and retain their positions, and had suffered Shidy, who had been instrumental in exposing the fraud and bringing the truth to light, to be punished for so doing."

CHAPTER VIII

OUR BOSS SYSTEM AND MR. PLATT

Overgrowth of Senate influence—A middle course—Typical cases—How bad selections are foisted on a President—New York custom-house changes—The Immigration Service controversy—A clean sweep.

WHEN Theodore Roosevelt became President there was a loud cry of joy among the civil-service reformers who had mourned the growing dominance of senatorial "bosses" in the matter of appointments. The day of bossism was ended, they exclaimed, for at last we had a man in the White House who would fight the Senate. They forgot, perhaps, that such an experiment cost President Johnson an impeachment trial; that it cost Grant the loss of more than one Cabinet adviser; that it cost Garfield his life. Cleveland fought the most powerful of the Democratic Senators till his party went to pieces, though he was always morally right and the Senators wrong in the matters over which they quarreled. Roosevelt cherishes an almost morbid horror of doing anything to split his party. His theory of "the larger good" is dominant in that feeling as elsewhere.

Hence he has been trying to take a middle course between the two extremes of subjection and defiance. He has received the Senators on an even footing, but not strictly on terms of equality; for, while willing to have their advice and to recognize their right to proffer it, he has by no means bound himself to accept it. He has kept steadily before his own eyes and theirs the fact that the Constitution vests in him, and in him alone, both the power and the responsibility of appointment. To the mind of an enthusiast this seems a subtle distinction; to one that comes daily into contact with the machinery of politics and statecraft it is entirely comprehensible. Ideally, the only policy for a high-minded President to pursue is to demand perfection in his appointees and refuse to be moved till he gets it; practically, this is out of the question. In the first place, human perfection does not exist. In the second place, the Archangel Gabriel could not get the post-office at Pottstown if the two Senators from his State should oppose confirmation; for by the unwritten rule of senatorial courtesy all the other Senators would stand by these two. This might seriously embarrass matters in the Government, especially if the personage whom he was to replace happened to be Beelzebub or Apollyon. The President might stand on his rights to the end of his term, but somebody would have to run the office he was trying to fill; and that somebody must either be an underling—in which case the efficiency of its administration would be doubtful—or its hold-over chief, with an excellent chance that its administration would be bad.

Here is a sorry range of choice, but it is one with which a President is not infrequently faced. Mr. Roosevelt, who lacks by nature the peculiar kind of tact which smoothed so comfortably the relations of President McKinley with Congress, adopted at the outset a policy of candor with the Republican Senators who called to advise him, informing them that in matters of patronage he intended

(1) To consult them in advance as to selections from their several States;

(2) To make his own selections, nevertheless, and be responsible to the people for these;

(3) To hold Senators answerable to him

for the consequences where he accepted their advice, and to resent suitably any imposition on his confidence;

(4) To require every subordinate of his administration to show a proper respect for the senatorial office, no matter who filled it.

Some foreshadowing of this program had been given by his administration as Governor of New York. Before asking for the suffrages of the people for that office, he had taken pains to announce, so conspicuously that none should have an excuse for not knowing, his purpose to consult on all important undertakings with the recognized head of the Republican party in the State. If the people had understood his announcement to mean that, in voting for Roosevelt by name, they were voting for Senator Platt as the actual Governor of New York, there is little doubt that Roosevelt would have been defeated. As it was, it unquestionably cost the candidate some votes, for which his only compensation was the sense that he had dealt squarely with the people and not allowed them to cast their ballots under any misapprehension of his position.

He shocked many of his admirers later by breakfasting with Platt. I never exactly understood why he wished to, unless it were to save time when they had something to talk over, for they are hardly to be rated as companion spirits socially; but neither could I understand why there should have been a commotion over the fact, any more than if he had invited "Ben" Tillman to dine privately at the White House or accepted the hospitalities of the Wild Man of Borneo. The atmosphere in which one takes one's physical sustenance does not necessarily affect one's morals or manners. "Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man," says the Good Book; and if one's digestion is all right and the communications at table do not influence unfavorably one's later conduct, I do not see where any great damage is done by observing the common amenities.

When it came to the business of the State, neither the preelection announcement nor the postelection breakfast appears to have put Governor Roosevelt at a serious disadvantage. The Platt machine wanted to name Francis Hendricks for superintendent of public works; the Governor said: "No. He will fit some other place very well, but not that one. We must command unreserved public confidence for our rehabilitation of the State canal system. Mr.

Hendricks comes from a neighborhood which was the center of activities of the old canal ring. However excellent his administration might be, a multitude of people would be prejudiced against it from the start."

So he began his hunt for a practical engineer. I happen to know that he tried to get General Francis V. Greene, but could not. Whom else he invited I can not say positively. The task offered might well have appalled a man with keen sensibilities, for it meant a thorough cleaning up of the old régime before inaugurating the new. Finally he settled upon Colonel John N. Partridge, of Brooklyn, who, if not the ideal man for the place, was probably the best available. The Senator gave a hesitating consent to the appointment, and then it was formally announced in the newspapers as made at his instance. The Governor entered no protest; that was part of the game.

"Lou" Payn, long a power in New York Republican politics and a permanent stand-by of Platt's, was superintendent of insurance. The Governor had no fancy for an office-holder of just Payn's antecedents, and felt satisfied that it was the part of wisdom as well as righteousness to get rid of him. He accordingly called the boss into consultation. The boss thought it would be a mistake to dismiss Payn.

"That isn't the point," was the Governor's answer; "what I want to find out is who is the best man I can get to succeed him."

If this didn't end the talk about Payn's retention, Mr. Platt knew that the next sentence surely would, so he did not press the subject further. Between them they canvassed several names. Some suggested by the Governor were dropped when the boss assured him that they could not pass the Senate; some suggested by the boss were dropped because the Governor would not stand for them. Presently it was decided that if the State machine regarded Francis Hendricks as good enough for one superintendency it ought to think him good enough for another; and if the only reason the Governor had shied at him before was because of the public's nervousness over the canal question, there was no such obstacle in the way of his appointment to the Insurance Department. So in went Hendricks's name to the Senate, and was duly gazetted to the world as "presented by Senator Platt." Here again the Governor got "not the best, but the best he could."

Such relations, to paraphrase his own saying, may not be the pleasantest, but they are the pleasantest a chief executive can hope for under the existing system of divided control in matters of patronage. Moreover, the bosses are not alone to blame for the non-independence of the executive. Take the comparatively recent case of the assistant treasurership at New York city as an example. There was a great deal of adverse comment on the appointment of William Plimley to this office, especially when the fact came out—and it was a fact this time—that Plimley was Platt's own choice and that the President knew nothing of him till the Senator proposed his name. How, cried the commentators, could a President allow himself thus to be led by the nose, especially with respect to an office so identified with the financial welfare of the Government!

Most of the persons who found fault with Plimley's nomination were presumptively ignorant of the efforts the President had made to get somebody whom he did know to take the office. It is safe to say that not a word of adverse criticism would have been passed upon the nomination of George R. Sheldon or of Robert Bacon; yet both these gentlemen were selected and invited, but declined to serve.

Meanwhile our most important Subtreasury was suffering for lack of a head. Every day was increasing the inconvenience of the situation. The President was in a corner. Mr. Platt came forward with the suggestion of a name. It was strange to the President's ears, but he was willing to take the Senator's word for Plimley's character and ability, especially when it was backed by letters from a former member of President McKinley's Cabinet and other eminent men.

The commercial world in New York had made no suggestions, though its interests were more involved than any others in the choice of a model assistant treasurer. Plimley was therefore accepted by default, as it were. When the best citizens of any community can suspend their busy self-seeking long enough to counsel their chief magistrate themselves, and when men of standing are public-spirited enough to take office as a duty, we shall witness fewer Plimley fiascos and hear less about the evils of boss dictation.

During his term as Governor Mr. Roosevelt had always within reach one or more men who belonged politically to the same class with himself, and consulted with them as an antidote to his consultations with the machine. Elihu Root and Seth Low were both present at the council of Republicans he called in 1898 to consider the policy of the newly elected State administration. With Mr. Root he kept in close touch through the first stages of his governorship, and then Mr. Root went to Washington to become Secretary of War. The renewal of their relations in Washington two years later led them back, after a little, to the same intimate footing, the Secretary becoming the President's most valued adviser on general subjects and having quite as much to say as Mr. Platt about the distribution of New York patronage.

The greatest clash between Messrs. Platt and Roosevelt after the latter became President occurred over that perennial source of factional controversy, the New York custom-house. George R. Bidwell, the Collector, was an organization man who had crossed swords with Mr. Roosevelt in the old times; he was a stanch supporter of Senator Platt. Wilbur F. Wakeman, the Appraiser, belonged to the "McKinley Republican" contingent of 1896 who stood out at the St. Louis Convention against the Platt machine. Bidwell, although having a strong champion in Secretary Gage, did not enjoy President Roosevelt's confidence; Wakeman had made himself obnoxious to a large and influential element among the New York importers by overzeal, and to the Secretary and Senator Platt by talking too freely to the newspapers. The two customs officers were frequently at odds with each other. The President announced to the Senator one day that he had decided to let Bidwell go. Mr. Platt insisted on his retention. The President was firm; the only concession he would make was to consider the Senator's advice as to the choice of a new collector. The Senator could not see why Bidwell should go and Wakeman be retained. The President answered that the welfare of the service would probably be promoted by a general clearing out, and that he should drop both men. Then they proceeded to canvass names for the collectorship.

It was the old story of propose and reject, propose and reject, first on one side and then on the other. Finally the President named Nevada N. Stranahan, a member of the New York Legislature and a loyal organization man, but one who had stood by him well during his administration at Albany, showing intelligence, personal honesty and public spirit. As a friend remarked on hearing who had been chosen, Mr. Stranahan was a man who would side with the President and against Mr. Platt every time an issue was fairly drawn between right and wrong and the President was in the right; when there was no such issue, but merely a question of tactical expediency, he would probably side with the Senator against the President. This was a condition with which the President was not disposed to quarrel, and when the Senator gave a reluctant consent to the change he was authorized to convey the President's formal invitation to Mr. Stranahan. The appraisership was filled soon afterward by a promotion within the service; George W. Whitehead, who had made a good record as an appraiser in Porto Rico, was called to New York. Both the appointees have given satisfaction, and matters have run very smoothly at the custom-house since their installation.

Two more changes at New York caused a little friction between the President and the Senator in passing. One was the appointment of James S. Clarkson as surveyor of the port. Clarkson was a politician of the old school, a former editor in Iowa, a member of a well-known family of abolitionists, and a stalwart supporter of the reconstruction policy of Congress in the Southern States. The news that he was to be appointed caused an equal commotion among the civil-service reformers and in the Platt camp. Clarkson had disposed of his Western interests some years before and removed to New York, but had not become identified with the party organization in his new home; hence the protest of the machine. He had always been a rank opponent of the merit system, and Mr. Roosevelt had once, as described in another chapter, been moved to administer to him publicly a stinging rebuke for his spoils proclivities; hence the amazement of the reformers.

Clarkson, on account of his relations to the race question, had a large acquaintance among the negroes of the South. The theory was therefore advanced by the political prophets that the President intended making him the instrument of building up a "Roosevelt machine" among the negroes, in opposition to the machine which Mr. Hanna was believed to control. Those who know best the general policy of Mr. Roosevelt pay no attention to stories of his desire for a personal machine of any sort. But it is fair to assume that Mr. Clarkson's familiarity with the negroes may be made useful in counteracting the falsehood set afloat among the ignorant blacks, that the President is deserting them in their hour of trial because he has refused to force negro appointees upon unwilling white communities without regard to character or fitness for official responsibility.

The other notable disagreement occurred over the reorganization of the immigration office in New York. The commissioner in charge of the station at Ellis Island, through which most of the poor and ignorant aliens come into the country, was Thomas Fitchie. No charges of misconduct had been filed against him, but conditions at the station were far from satisfactory, and the President did not regard him as a sufficiently energetic and aggressive man to carry through the reforms which it was plain would be needed soon. His deputy, Edward F. McSweeney, had been in office a long time and was the real chief executive. McSweeney was entrenched very securely in the good-will of the steamship companies and of the local missionaries. But he had got into a wrangle with the Commissioner-General of Immigration, Terence V. Powderly; criminations and recriminations were flying back and forth, and the Ellis Island station and the bureau in Washington were pulling so constantly in opposite directions that the service was becoming demoralized.

The President resolved to apply his favorite panacea for such difficulties, a clean sweep. Powderly appealed to Quay, and Quay to the President. Meanwhile the friends of Fitchie and McSweeney, including not only Mr. Platt but Mr. Lodge and some of the other Senators who were most intimate personally with Mr. Roosevelt, were aroused in his behalf. The air fairly shook with the din of battle. The President, however, refused to be moved from the position he had taken. He had comparatively little difficulty in dealing with the Washington end of the complication, for the labor organizations, in whose interest Powderly had been appointed, were well satisfied with the choice of Frank P. Sargent, chief of the Brotherhood of Railway Firemen, to succeed him; but at the New York end there was serious trouble in finding just the man required to take charge of the station. The work there was bound to be disagreeable if faithfully performed; resourcefulness, tact, humanity, patience, were as essential as honesty, and the compensation was pitifully small. The President went over nearly the entire list of his personal friends who possessed the necessary traits combined with an independent income, but he could find none whose patriotic altruism seemed equal to the test.

At last an acquaintance who had been called to aid in the search suggested the name of William Williams, a lawyer of good repute, young enough to adapt himself to the task, and with the grit to undertake a public service in which the duties were hard and the rewards few and uncertain. He was appointed commissioner, and the President's old friend Joseph E. Murray, who had been employed at the station once before, was installed as deputy. The former system, under which the chief of the office was the nominal and his assistant the active administrator, was reversed, and a place which had been a political snug harbor was swept, garnished, and set in running order on a strict merit basis.

CHAPTER IX

SOME OF THE OTHER BOSSES

State dictators in the Senate—Quay and his machine—The typical case of McClain and McCoach—Cold comfort for warring bosses—Addicksism, Byrne, and Miss Todd.

THE Republican bosses in the United States Senate, as we see their names paraded in the newspapers, are Platt of New York, Quay of Pennsylvania, Hanna of Ohio, Burton of Kansas, and a handful of lesser dignitaries. Hanna's bossism is held somewhat in check by the opposition of his colleague, Senator Foraker, and by the paramount boss-ship of the "King of Cincinnati," George B. Cox. Burton is comparatively little known in the East. Platt and Quay are the pair who challenge most attention from the average opponent of bossism on principle. He never can understand how a virtuous President can maintain any relations, personal or otherwise, with such men. On the other hand, the President feels that if his critics could stand in his place for a while and get a view of the whole situation instead of a single part they would be less severe in their judgments.

The Quay machine in Pennsylvania was disagreeably in evidence during the early part of the Roosevelt administration, to the consternation of the anti-Quay Republicans and Independents. William H. Hicks, postmaster of Philadelphia, against whom the Civil-Service Commission had reported to President McKinley after an investigation of charges preferred through the agency of some of Mr. Quay's lieutenants, was dropped from his office. The same sort of negotiation was opened with Senators Quay and Penrose as we have seen conducted with Mr. Platt. The Senators were informed that the President had no disposition to quarrel with them, and that he would name a postmaster acceptable to them if they would settle upon a man who was unexceptionable personally. After some beating of the bushes, their choice finally fell upon Clayton McMichael, a member of a highly respectable Philadelphia family, but one always associated in public affairs with the organization now controlled by Quay. Internal Revenue Collector McClain gave way in like manner to one of Quay's most consistent and serviceable followers, William McCoach.

The Pennsylvania reformers generally were willing to ignore the McMichael appointment in view of the attitude of the Civil-Service Commission toward Hicks, but against the change from McClain to McCoach they revolted, McCoach having won their hostility by his career as one of the city fathers of Philadelphia. The version of the incident which found its way into the press was that the President had notified McClain, whose first four years were about expiring, that it would not be worth while to renew his official bond, as McCoach had been promised the collectorship—all because McClain had bolted the regular Republican ticket at the late municipal election, and the Administration intended to "send bolters to the rear and keep none but stanch party men in office thereafter!"

The absurdity of such a statement of the attitude of a man who has all his life insisted on the divorce of municipal from national politics hardly calls for serious comment; but justice demands that the truth have at least an equal showing with the falsehood. The first time this question arose during his term President Roosevelt explained to his Cabinet very clearly his opinion as to the part Federal officeholders should play in politics. They might vote just as they pleased, and they were not expected to keep their minds a blank, or sit by like mumchances while other men were temperately discussing questions of policy about which the national parties differed; but as servants of the whole people they were expected to be civil even to their adversaries, to do nothing which could be a cause of offense to the feelings of others, and in no way to obtrude their views where this would be indecorous. Above all, the rule was laid down that where a factional fight was going on within the Republican party, not one of these men must do anything to embroil the Administration with the Senators and Representatives with whom it must live and do business for four years.

Presently came along the municipal struggle in Philadelphia. Simultaneously there was one in the President's home city, New York. The President kept his hands severely off both. Seth Low, who was making the campaign for mayor in New York, was his old and valued friend, and doubtless a hunt through Mr. Low's private letter-files would show whether or not

Mr. Roosevelt, as a New Yorker, felt an interest in the fusion movement; but the public press and records might be searched in vain for a proof either pro or con. The luxury of participation which the President denied to himself and his Secretary of War in New York, was the measure of his restriction upon his subordinates in the Federal service in Philadelphia—even upon Postmaster-General Smith, a Philadelphian; and any one who knows how keenly Mr. Roosevelt enjoys what he calls a "brush" now and then must appreciate the extent of this self-sacrifice.

An officer of the postal service in Philadelphia who wished to go upon the stump in championship of the Quay machine's municipal ticket, took the precaution to ask the Postmaster-General's permission to do so. Mr. Smith answered that he must not; that he was at liberty to cast any ballot he preferred, but he must keep out of the public fight. McClain also consulted Mr. Smith, as a Philadelphian and an anti-Quay Republican, as to whether he had better take part against the machine ticket. The Postmaster-General advised him strongly in the negative, saying that he should himself abstain, for motives of decorum, from active participation, though he should vote according to his conscience, and that every other Federal office-holder would be protected in the enjoyment of the same privilege. McClain thought the matter over, decided to have a slash at the organization with which he had regularly trained till they quarreled, and entered the campaign. The machine was victorious. When the time came to consider whether McClain should continue in office, Quay and his colleague put in a protest. McClain, they insisted, had gone out of his way to make himself offensive to them; the President, under the rule he had himself laid down to govern such cases, seemed to have but one thing left to do. Of course, McClain claimed to have been ill-treated. But he had been warned that one who draws the sword must not whimper if marked to perish by the sword; he had seen fit to ignore the warning, and by parity of reasoning the President disregarded the whimper.

Who should take McClain's place? The Senators named a man. The President, who knew their candidate by reputation, dismissed the suggestion as not worth considering. Then McCoach was put forward. The President did not know him, so he allowed the name to slip into the newspapers and waited some days to watch the effect; but no charges were filed against the proposed appointee, beyond a reference to the fact that he had long been a friend of Quay's. This, however unfavorably it might affect a private mind, could hardly be put down as a public offense, for it would disqualify two-thirds of the United States Senate. Still, on general principles and without consenting to promise anything, the President required Quay and Penrose to bring him certificates of character for McCoach from prominent Philadelphians. The testimonials were soon forthcoming, bearing signatures of judges and business men, and McCoach's commission went to him by an early mail.

Once in a while the President gets tired of the bosses, whom, like the poor, he has always with him. It is bad enough when the Senators from a State agree in their recommendations, and he has to make himself accountable to the people of the country for the appointment of some man whom he has never seen, on the say-so of two other men whom he wishes he need not see so often. But when these two disagree in opinion and fall out personally, and run to him with their several grievances and backbitings, his sarcasm is apt to come into play. One day a brace of such antagonists, whom I shall designate as A—— and B——, came into his anteroom and waited for him through a very long and tedious hour. When he appeared they rose and greeted him simultaneously. As their quarrel had reached a stage where they were scarcely on speaking terms, they had taken seats on opposite sides of the room. He looked quizzically from one to the other, as if trying to recall something. Then he addressed Senator A——:

"You have come to see me about that postoffice?"

"Yes, Mr. President," answered the Senator.

"You still want Thompson appointed?"

"I do."

"Don't you know that Senator B——," gesturing with his thumb over his shoulder at A——'s hostile colleague, "says that Thompson ought to be in the penitentiary, and that he can produce the facts to prove it?"

"I know that, Mr. President; and I have here the evidence to show that Jones, whom my colleague is supporting, ought to be in the penitentiary. We might as well drop the penitentiary question."

"Oh, dear, no—bless you, no!" cried the President, his face illuminated with its first gleam of pleasure since the interview began; "you have only just opened it. See here, B——," calling up the other Senator, "A—— says he has proof enough to lock up your friend Jones, and you say you have proof enough to lock up his friend Thompson. Now, we can settle this post-office fight in short order. If both of you will turn your papers over to the Attorney-General, we'll leave him to decide whether Thompson or Jones shall be prosecuted. If either man can manage to keep out of prison when Knox gets after him he must be a pretty good citizen, and I promise to give him the post-office. How is that?"

But now and then I have heard him say of a boss, "On the whole, I've come rather to like him"; or, "He's not such a bad fellow, I find, after you have cracked his shell"; or of some special act of a boss, "That was pretty square, when you remember where it came from." For, to give the devil his due, even this class of gentry have their—moments. The present writer has fought against bosses and bossism for one-third of a century, yet he is bound in truth to say that his experience has at times known some pleasant surprises. It was the late Daniel Manning, denominated by the Republican orators of his period "that prince royal of spoilsmen," who tried to get Alexander Agassiz for superintendent of the United States Coast Survey. It was Senator Gorman who urged most assiduously the appointment of Oscar S. Straus as minister to Turkey. It was "Tom" Platt who stood out longest, single-handed, against the choice of a certain New York man for the Cabinet, objecting to him because he was a flatulent humbug although a notorious idolizer of Senators. I once knew "Matt" Quay to crawl out of a sick-bed and go in search of the Secretary of the Interior to prevent an appointment which would hurt the Indians, although he did not know the proposed appointee, had nothing against him personally, and was in no way concerned with the office or the rival candidates. Again and again I have seen appeals made with success to the good instincts of bosses in Congress, and their advocacy of a worthy measure procured even against what appeared to be their selfish interests. I have known this to happen after vain efforts had been made to arouse some of the "unco guid" from their timid sluggishness. Political virtue and personal force are not always wedded; neither, by the same token, are conscienceless politics and humane impulse always divorced. A President often has more need to guard against a Senator's pity for some ineffective creature financially stranded than against having a corrupt man forced upon him.

While the popular protest has been chiefly directed against the influence of the senatorial bosses, one boss who has never worn the toga, but has spent a lifetime chasing it, has given the President more trouble than all the others put together. This is J. Edward Addicks of Delaware. He is reputed to be very rich, and enjoys a unique distinction as an object of attack by the entire reform element in American politics, who charge him with keeping control of the Republican organization of his State by a liberal use of money. Thanks to the bitterness of the feeling against him among the opposing faction, and to the fact that he had pressed his demand for a senatorship with such persistency, Delaware was for nearly four years without representation in the upper chamber of Congress; for the Legislature was steadily Republican, and, although he could not himself command votes enough to elect, he would not let any one else have an election.

There being thus no Senators from Delaware to boss the patronage, Addicks has claimed the right to speak for the party as a Senator commonly would. He succeeded so far as to procure recognition for the delegates of his faction in the Republican national convention of 1900—which made the faction "regular"—and he was able to show in 1902 that William M. Byrne, his candidate for Representative, running against another Republican nominated by the opposing faction, had rolled up a vote of nearly two to one. This was a demonstration of his strength, though the split among the Republicans sent a Democrat to Congress.

It was inconceivable to the bulk of President Roosevelt's friends all over the Union that with his antecedents as a political reformer he could maintain any relations whatever with Addicks or the Addicks following; and the prophecy was freely made that, when the time should come for a formal alignment, the President would be found siding with the anti-Addicks Republicans. This view received some encouragement when, a vacancy occurring in the post-office at Wilmington, Mr. Roosevelt appointed a member of the anti-Addicks faction postmaster. But a few months later an event occurred which set the whole country agog, in the nomination of Byrne, already mentioned, to be district attorney.

The case had one peculiar feature. Byrne had formerly been district attorney by appointment of President McKinley as an anti-Addicks man, but had gone over to the other faction in the midst of his term. Prior to this defection no one had raised any objection to him. He was ambitious to enter Congress, and Addicks consented to his having the "regular" nomination. President Roosevelt, though he had known Byrne for some years and liked him personally, warned him that if he were going to become a candidate for Congress he must resign his attorneyship, as it would be unseemly for him, in view of the quarrel within the party in Delaware, to take the stump in his own behalf while holding such an office.

Byrne resigned and made a spirited campaign. About that time the Washington Government was bending all its energies to getting rid of the rule of the friars in the Philippine Islands. It was most anxious to impress good Catholics everywhere with the fact that it was waging no war of religious proscription, but trying rather to help the missionary efforts of their Church by weeding out a vicious system which had done more than anything else to promote schism among the islanders. Byrne was a Catholic, and could talk to his fellow believers as no Protestant could. He improved the opportunity offered by his electioneering activities to explain and defend the Government's policy. This greatly pleased the President, who, when the campaign ended in his defeat, named him for restoration to his old place.

The fact that he had become a supporter of Addicks and was nevertheless to be appointed to office excited all the uproar, and quite drowned out public consideration of any other circumstance in his career. Complaints of his neglect of his duties as district attorney under his former commission began to pour into Washington; the press rang with the incident for some weeks; resolutions denunciatory of the President were adopted by various reform bodies; and in every way the popular feeling about Addicks and Addicksism made itself manifest. In the midst of the turmoil, which broke out during the President's temporary absence from the capital, Postmaster-General Payne, known

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as the expert politician of the Cabinet, made the mistake of attempting to explain to the newspapers that the President was only treating Addicks to the same recognition accorded to other heads of regular party organizations.

Far from acting as a palliative, this statement merely increased the excitement. Mr. Payne could not understand why it should. He had all his life been dealing with politicians on the cold business basis of so much recognition for so many votes; and he was aware that Mr. Roosevelt, whether gratified or not by the figures, had been astonished at the magnitude of the Addicks following as revealed by the latest election returns, although nearly every sop of Federal patronage had been thrown to the minority faction on the bare ground that Addicks was Addicks.

The President, on his return to the White House, lost no time in making it known that reasons entirely disconnected with Byrne's factional affiliations would have moved him to make the reappointment in any event. As those reasons still remained potent in his mind, he did not change his purpose. As soon as Congress assembled he sent Byrne's name to the

Senate. The Judiciary Committee voted to report the nomination adversely. A short extra session of the Senate followed, and in went Byrne's name again, but once more came adjournment without confirmation. The President persisted and made a recess appointment, writing at the same time a letter to the appointee which said among other things: "Keep clear of factional politics. Confine your attention to making the best record as district attorney that has been made by any district attorney of Delaware. Show neither fear nor favor in anything you do. I have liked you and I think well of you, but under the circumstances of your appointment and the way in which it was fought, I have a right to demand that you walk even more guardedly than the ordinary public official walks, and that you show yourself a model officer in point of fearlessness and integrity, industry and ability."

Byrne retained his office only a few months and then resigned without making any publication of his reasons. It is generally supposed that he was tired of the controversy aroused by his case, and did not care to carry it into the Senate again at the next session.

The uproar over Addicks broke out once

more in the summer of 1903, when Postmaster-General Payne removed Miss Todd, the postmaster at Greenwood, Del., because she was distasteful to Senator Allee. Mr. Allee was one of two Senators elected early in that year through a truce between the Republican factions in the Legislature, each faction choosing a Senator and Allee being the choice of the Addicksites. The male members of Miss Todd's family were rather conspicuously identified with the anti-Addicks element.

Mr. Payne, in the same blundering way as before, began to issue "statements." He announced first that Miss Todd was a perfectly satisfactory postmaster, but that the two Senators from Delaware had arranged to divide the patronage between them on territorial lines, that this office fell within Mr. Allee's area, and that Mr. Allee had called for a new postmaster. When this brought down upon his head a storm of popular criticism he fell back upon another excuse, saying that Miss Todd had allowed her office to be used as a political headquarters for the anti-Addicks factionists, to the damage of good discipline. She stoutly denied the charge, and the public at large sided with her, naturally assuming that the Postmaster-

General would not have made two dissonant apologies for the same act if his conscience had been clear.

Thus the matter stood when the attention of the President was called to it. He made some inquiries on his own account, and found two or three reputable witnesses who insisted that Miss Todd had shown disrespect to the Senator, while others of equal credibility stood ready to make oath that she had always behaved with perfect decorum. Such an absolute conflict of testimony as this placed him in a most uncomfortable position. Had he been consulted before the Postmaster-General acted he would not have considered the case against Miss Todd strong enough to warrant her dismissal; as she was already out, however, and her place filled, he did not consider the evidence in her favor strong enough to demand her reinstatement. The whole effect of Mr. Payne's tactless performance was to bring unnecessary public censure upon the President. Cabinet officers have relieved the situation by resigning on less ground than this; Mr. Payne is not one of the resigning kind, and he still sticks to his place. But one result of the incident has been that he has had his authority questioned and will have to keep his fingers out of Delaware factional politics for the future.

The President's patience is not limitless, and he hates fruitless quarrels. To Byrne's place he appointed John P. Nields, who had once served acceptably as district attorney ad interim and understood the duties of the office. Nields was a pronounced anti-Addicks man. There was a brisk set-to between the Senators as to the successorship before the President settled it, and he was disgusted to the point of vigorous protest at the substitution of two quarrelsome bosses for one who did not quarrel but was universally quarreled with. He read the two men a lecture on scandalizing his administration before the country and keeping him continually in hot water. The upshot of the Byrne and Todd cases is that he will take the patronage of Delaware wholly into his own hands till the two factions can make up their differences, or till Addicks shall quit active politics and remove the most serious obstacle to the permanent supremacy of his party in the little State.

CHAPTER X

THE SECOND-TERM IDEA

The President's desire for reelection—Republican rivals who dropped out—The Hanna "boom"—Real loyalty appreciated—Cleveland, Gray, and the coal-strike arbitration.

"I DO not believe in playing the hypocrite," Mr. Roosevelt wrote to a friend a few months ago. "Any strong man fit to be President would desire a renomination and reelection after his first term. Lincoln was President in so great a crisis that perhaps he neither could nor did feel any personal interest in his own reelection. I trust and believe that if the crisis were a serious one I should be incapable of considering my own well-being for a moment in such a contingency. But at present I should like to be elected President just precisely as John Quincy Adams, or McKinley, or Cleveland, or John Adams, or Washington himself desired to be elected. It is pleasant to think that one's countrymen believe well of one. But I shall not do anything whatever to secure my nomination save to try to carry on the public business in such shape that decent citizens will believe I have shown wisdom, integrity and courage. If they believe this with sufficient emphasis to secure my nomination and election—and on no other terms can I, or would I, be willing to secure either—why, I shall be glad. If they do not I shall be sorry, but I shall not be very much cast down, because I shall feel that I have done the best that was in me, and that there is nothing I have yet done of which I have cause to be ashamed or which I have cause to regret; and that I can go out of office with the profound satisfaction of having accomplished a certain amount of work that was both beneficial and honorable for the country."

Substantially the same idea he had expressed to others from the day he succeeded to the presidency. Yet the newspapers have never ceased figuring upon his relations with this and that party magnate; and every time he has stirred or opened his mouth they have speculated in all seriousness on the way his second-term aspirations would be affected thereby. Of course, his competitors would be from both the great parties: the Republicans would contest the nomination with him, the Democrats the election.

All the other Republicans who had been regarded as possible candidates up to 1901 quitted the field, as Mr. Shaw did, when President McKinley's death left Mr. Roosevelt heir to the executive chair. Marcus A. Hanna of Ohio was not one of them. He had never been counted among the presidential probabilities during President McKinley's lifetime, the careers of these two national figures being so blended in the popular mind that it seemed almost as if Mr. Hanna were already enjoying his presidency through the proxy of his friend —at any rate, that all his own ambitions were satisfied in the honors heaped upon the man he loved best. But with McKinley's fall the whole outlook was changed. Of all men, here was the one whom circumstances had most endowed with the capacity to carry out the dead President's designs. Roosevelt might try to, but Hanna surely could. Not a few political prophets, therefore, contemptuous enough in disposing of the potential candidacy of other notable Republicans, paused when they came to Hanna, and said: "Perhaps."

Moreover, Mr. Hanna lent a color of likelihood to this suspicion by making no positive declarations to discredit it. True, when occasionally a newspaper reporter approached him on the subject of his receiving the nomination for the presidency, he would shake his head and laugh at the suggestion as an absurdity; but these disclaimers were never taken so seriously as to prevent Republican party gatherings now and then from cheering him as the next President of the United States; nor did he, when aware that resolutions were to be adopted making such use of his name, do anything to head them off. Open letters, interviews and editorial paragraphs kept him constantly before the public in the character of a candidate to be reckoned with, and he gave no sign of irritation with their authors. It was plain that the political wire-pullers, as well as a large multitude of ingenuous citizens who knew not politics, regarded him as coquettish rather than hostile toward the idea.

But no one who was well acquainted with Mr. Hanna's personality was deceived as to where he stood. He was not of the presidential mold. The Senate suited his taste and his powers. He wanted a free hand. He hated infinitesimal worries. He lacked the patience necessary to deal with all sorts of men at once as a master and a supplicant. He loved authority more than insignia. He would rather administer the affairs of a nation in the name of another than let others administer them in his name. Nature had marked him for a king-maker, not a king.

Bearing these facts in mind, it will not be so difficult to understand how he could discourage the discussion of his candidacy by treating it as a joke, and yet permit his "boom" to survive when he could just as well crush it. There probably was never a moment when he felt the slightest temptation to enter the lists for the nomination, but neither was there a moment when he would have been willing to forego the power to award it to some one else. If Republican organizations anywhere saw fit to name him as their choice for President, why should he put obstacles in their way? He was entirely friendly to Roosevelt and looked to see him nominated; he would not accept the nomination himself if it were offered him, and he did not expect it to be offered; but to go into the convention with a large following at his back, and be able to prevent a bad mistake if it threatened, would be a great satisfaction.

Politics he knew to be like fire, very uncertain; no one could foretell where it would break out next. Everything and everybody might be going Roosevelt's way to-day, yet tomorrow might witness a stampede toward another candidate or a general break-up. The wise politician, he reasoned, is he who never takes anything for granted, but provides himself against all emergencies.

The first case that brought the Roosevelt and Hanna "booms" into apparent collision was that of Judson W. Lyons, the Register of the Treasury appointed by President McKinley. As some of the published accounts of the incident have distorted it, I shall take a participant's liberty in setting it right.

Lyons was a Georgia negro. He owed his appointment to Senator Hanna's influence. He had acquitted himself creditably in office, and was generally respected at the Treasury Department. As his four years of service were drawing to an end, a few gossips began to talk about his being dropped to make room for somebody else. His friend Booker T. Washington was calling on him one day, when Lyons remarked, in the course of their conversation, that, although he should value reappointment, he had not asked for it, and would not wish Mr. Roosevelt to act under any misapprehension; that he admired Mr. Roosevelt very much, and would support him against everybody else except Mr. Hanna; but that Mr. Hanna, if a candidate for the presidency in 1904, could command his allegiance against any man living.

Mr. Washington, a day or two afterward, mentioned the matter to me. I obtained his permission to repeat the story to the President. Mr. Roosevelt listened with interest. His eyes snapped as, at the close of the recital, he reached for a memorandum card and wrote Lyons's name on it, remarking: "I like Lyons, and had expected to reappoint him, but this settles the matter. A man who is loyal to his friends, and who will be so frank, when his own fortunes are in the balance, as to be unwilling to profit through any misunderstanding of his position, has the stuff in him of which good public servants are made. I wish you would say to Lyons for me that I shall lose no time in putting his reappointment beyond question."

This is a fair sample of the basis of fact underlying half the stories which have been set in circulation about Senator Hanna and President Roosevelt, almost from the day the latter took his oath of office. While the political quidnuncs were busiest inventing new theories of their relations, and debating whether Hanna could possibly upset Roosevelt's program and prevent his nomination, and whether Roosevelt could devise a way of side-tracking Hanna's schemes if he really addressed his mind to it, the two men were breakfasting together once a week on corned-beef hash and griddle cakes, and talking over affairs in Congress and the country with as much composure as if such things as party conventions had never existed.

But a day did come when they took opposite views of the next thing to be done, and the public was treated to a short, sharp skirmish of wits, in which most of the fighting and all the success were on one side. The President was traveling in the far West in the spring of 1903. The Ohio Republican Convention was about to meet, and the contents of the platform were already under discussion. Senator Foraker favored the adoption of a plank approving Mr. Roosevelt's administration and pledging the State to his support in 1904. In Pennsylvania and Kansas this had already been done. Senator Hanna opposed such a measure in Ohio on the technical ground that the only convention which has a right to commit a State to any candidate for the presidency is the one called for the purpose of choosing delegates for the presidential convention and instructing them. As such a convention would not be held in Ohio till 1904, he argued that the action of a 1903 convention would be nugatory. A telegram to Mr. Roosevelt, practically leaving the question to him for settlement, drew forth the response, also by wire: "Those who favor my administration and nomination will indorse them, and those who do not will oppose them."

This made the issue flat. It was supposed by many, and hoped by some, that Mr. Hanna would accept the challenge and fight the matter out in the convention; but he did not. On the contrary, he simply shrugged his shoulders and let the plank go through unobstructed. The people who had been thirsting for a quarrel said: "Oh, it's all fair on the surface; that's for political effect. But their personal friendship will never stand such a strain." Ten days later they saw the President dropping his regular round of duties and speeding across the country to attend the wedding of Senator Hanna's daughter in Cleveland—a compliment almost unique of its kind. It takes a good deal more than an honest opposition and plain speech to drag President Roosevelt into a snarl with a man he really likes, and he likes "Mark" Hanna.

Toward possible Democratic candidates for the presidency Mr. Roosevelt's demeanor has been perfectly pleasant as long as they have met him on a fair footing. With Bryan he has naturally had little to do, as their paths have not crossed except during campaigns. With Gorman he has maintained a polite but armed truce ever since their clash in old times over civil-service reform, described on another page. Of Hill he once expressed his opinion in unmeasured terms as "belonging to the type of so-called practical politicians who care nothing for principles but everything for votes," "the champion of the lawbreaker and the ally of the criminal," and the like. Messrs. Gorman and Hill are men of long memories. When Olney was Attorney-General, Roosevelt used to quarrel with him officially in the morning over the construction of the civil-service law, and play tennis with him all the afternoon, keeping up the controversy between sets.

With Judge Gray of Delaware and Grover Cleveland Mr. Roosevelt has always been on excellent terms. Cleveland was Governor while Roosevelt was in the New York Legislature, and they acquired a high respect for each other while working together on measures for civic reform. It is also worth noting that on one of the rare occasions when they differed on non-political questions, Roosevelt made what was in some respects the most remarkable speech ever delivered in the Assembly. A bill was passed in 1884 to reduce the fare on the elevated railroads of New York city from ten cents, which was permissible under their charters and had been charged up to that time, to five cents. The Governor vetoed it on the ground of unconstitutionality, because it violated the State's implied contract on the strength of which the stockholders had subscribed their money to build the roads.

Of course, the veto was highly unpopular. The corporations were hated on general anti-monopoly principles, and also because they were under control of Jay Gould and his Wall

Street coparceners. Moreover, they had been so overbearing in their methods as to increase the hostility of their compulsory patrons. Mr. Roosevelt himself had fought them because he was convinced that they had debauched the courts in order to hold fast to certain unlawful privileges. When the five-cent-fare bill had first come up in the Assembly he had voted for it, and he was now looked to as the natural leader of the movement to repass it over the veto. To the astonishment of every one he announced his intention to sustain the veto, and explained his position thus:

"I have to say with shame that when I voted for this bill I did not act as I think I ought to have acted on the floor of this house. For the only time, I did at that time vote contrary to what I think to be honestly right. I have to confess that I weakly yielded, partly to a vindictive feeling toward the infernal thieves who have those railroads in charge and partly to the popular voice in New York. For the managers of the elevated railroads I have as little feeling as any man here, and if it were possible I should be willing to pass a bill of attainder against Gould and all of his associates. I realize that they have done the most incalculable harm in this community, with their hired stock-jobbing newspaper, with their corruption of the judiciary, and with their corruption of this house. It is not a question of doing right to them, for they are merely common thieves. As to the resolution"—a petition handed in by the directors of the company—"signed by Gould and his son, I would pay more attention to a petition signed by Barney Aaron, Owney Geoghegan, and Billy McGlory than I would pay to that paper, because I regard these men as part of an infinitely dangerous order—the wealthy criminal class."

This speech, which a hundred prophets were ready to swear would be Mr. Roosevelt's valedictory in politics because of the popular antagonism it would excite against him, did just two things: it established the speaker more firmly in the confidence of his constituency, who discovered that they had a representative with courage enough to take an unpopular stand if he saw plainly that it was right, even at the cost of humiliating himself by an apology; and it gave to the politico-social vocabulary a new and striking phrase. "The wealthy criminal class" became a fixture in the language. It was quoted again and again when, two years later, its author made a campaign for mayor of New York city. He was defeated through the peculiar complications of a three-sided contest; but he carried with him the largest percentage of the whole vote cast for any Republican candidate for mayor who up to that time had made the fight with three tickets in the field.

The mention of Gray recalls the coal-strike arbitration, over which he presided. That episode has furnished a text for an exceptionally large number of perversions of history, but for none which surpasses in picturesque quality this widely copied newspaper skit:

When he made up his list of the members of the commission for submission to the coal operators and to President Mitchell, President Roosevelt did not have the name of Judge Gray at the top. He had there the name of Grover Cleveland. Mr. Cleveland had been communicated with and had consented to serve. The President was delighted with this selection for chairman. He believed the appearance of the former President at the head of the strike-settling body would command the respect and admiration of the American people. Therefore he was much surprised when one of his advisers suggested that the selection of Mr.

Cleveland might be a political mistake. The President asked what he meant by that.

"I mean," said the gentleman, "that Mr. Cleveland is a presidential possibility. If he serves at the head of this commission it will bring him very prominently before the public, and may end in making him the Democratic nominee in 1904."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the President.

At that moment Secretary Root appeared, and the President asked him what he thought of it. Mr. Root stroked his chin during a few moments of meditation, and then replied, "I agree with the gentleman who has just spoken."

Without another word President Roosevelt grabbed a lead-pencil and drew a line through the name of Grover Cleveland.

As every one knows that the President had nothing to do with the appointment of the chairman or "head" of the commission as such, but left the members free to select him from among themselves, it seems strange that this story could have gained any considerable credence. Again, when the names appeared Judge Gray's stood not at the top, but down in the body of the list. These preliminary errors, of course, might be attributable to the exercise of the story-teller's license; but it is on the main fact that the narrator has gone most sadly astray.

It had been in the President's mind for some time to have the whole subject of the strike investigated and the grievances adjusted if possible; he had accordingly made out a list of persons he deemed available for a board of inquiry and conciliation, and in some cases obtained their consent to serve. Later he revised his plan, and decided to call in the warring parties and let them have most to say about the selection of their judges. In his original list he had included Mr. Cleveland, whose participation he regarded as almost an essential to the success of the scheme, and when the method of selection was changed he still clung most tenaciously to this one name. He felt that he had a right in such an emergency to take advantage of the wide-spread regard in which Mr. Cleveland was held. He had a high patriotic purpose in mind; this effort for the restoration of industrial peace and the salvation of the country from suffering could succeed only by the backing of public sentiment; and he believed that the combination of the President and the one living ex-President, separated in political faith but united in an unselfish undertaking for the common welfare, would carry weight with the mass of good citizens.

When he called in the representatives of the miners and the operators they demanded that the commission of arbitration should be composed of members of certain specified classes and callings—an army or naval engineer, a sociologist, a United States judge, etc. For the judge's place the President had selected William R. Day, the bosom friend of the late President McKinley and now a justice of the Supreme Court. But the conference decided that it would be better to have a judge from the Third Circuit, which embraced the scene of the controversy, than from the Sixth, where Judge Day was serving; so Judge Gray was put on in the place to which Day had first been assigned. That disposes of the story that Gray was substituted for Cleveland, for Gray did not figure in the program at all till the judge's place had been reached and Day had been ruled out on grounds of locality.

When it came to selecting the military engineer, the President exerted himself to the utmost to induce the withdrawal of this demand and the substitution of the single name of Grover Cleveland. Some of the parties present expressed a doubt whether the ex-President would take kindly to the idea of settling the strike by such means; but Mr. Roosevelt showed them a letter in which Mr. Cleveland expressed his hearty approval of the course proposed. The operators present then refused to consider the suggestion at all. The President nevertheless was so persistent that telephonic communication was opened with the companies' offices in New York, so that the committee in Washington could ascertain positively whether they were carrying out the wishes of their principals. No argument or plea had the slightest effect upon the capitalists; they would not accept Mr. Cleveland as an arbitrator on any pretext; and with intense reluctance the President had to let go the most valued feature of his plan.

It is too bad to spoil so pretty a story as the one quoted, especially its picture of Secretary Root rubbing his chin and the President grabbing a lead-pencil in his feverish haste to retrieve an error of thoughtlessness which might have given Mr. Cleveland so much prestige as a candidate against him in 1904; but pencil and chin, rubbing and grabbing, will have to go, as the President's plan did. With them, I fear, must be sacrificed on the altar of historic truth a bevy of other pleasing and dramatic fictions concerning Mr. Roosevelt's treatment of possible competitors in the coming campaign.

The simplest form of statement to cover the whole case is that, if two courses were open to the President, one of which would rule all his rivals out of the contest while the other would double their multitude, he would choose the latter. This he would do partly from an instinct of generosity which makes him sometimes appear almost quixotic, and partly to gratify a taste that comes near being a mania with him—the love of matching his strength and cleverness against those of other men.

Even the characteristic despatch concerning his indorsement by the Ohio convention was sent without a moment's deliberation, and merely—in the quaint phrase of one of his intimates—"for the fun of taking a fall out of Uncle Mark." If there had been no talk about it, he would not have cared a snap of his fingers whether the platform touched on 1904 or let it alone. Mr. Hanna lacked his usual shrewdness in letting the issue be raised; for he must have known that as surely as he did so he would rouse in Mr. Roosevelt a spirit which would not be appeased till a battle had been fought out and one side or the other routed.

CHAPTER XI

A FIGHTER AND HIS METHODS

Love of matching skill and strength — A generous adversary — The census spoilsmen's grievance—Harun-al-Raschid and the police—How a demonstration failed.

THE subject of this chapter naturally grows out of certain incidents mentioned in the last, which have shown us how Mr. Roosevelt bears himself toward competitors and antagonists in the larger field of politics. Elsewhere have appeared specimens of his manner of meeting the criticisms passed upon the work of the Civil-Service Commission while he was connected with it. Other illustrations are needed, however, to complete his portrait as a fighter.

From his boyhood—at least from that point in it at which he resolved to make himself strong and take his share in the active sports of other boys—he appears to have most enjoyed those forms of exercise which matched him against his mates. He did not always defeat his opponents in such struggles; he did not expect to. It was enough for him to get the enjoyment of the contest; and he was ready to "let the best fellow win," and accept the fortunes of war in good part whichever way they went.

At college boxing was always his favorite amusement. A classmate who remembers well his exercise with the gloves says that, although Roosevelt was a light-weight, not naturally muscular, and suffered from a handicap of imperfect vision which would have checked most other men, he was keen for the sport, and used to spar with a pair of large spectacles literally lashed to his head. He risked the total loss of his sight with every bout, as an unlucky blow from the other party might have smashed his glasses and driven them into his eyes; but in spite of that he was always the attacker. He aimed to offset his own weak point by leading swiftly and heavily, so that his adversary should be kept too busy with defensive tactics to gather his wits and put in any offensive work.

Some one else—I think it is Owen Wister—describes his first glimpse of Roosevelt as a college pugilist, when, in the midst of a rattling exchange of blows, the umpire called "time." Roosevelt at once dropped his hands, but just as the other student, under the full momentum of the fight, landed a fist squarely on his nose. A loud chorus of "Foul!" arose from the bystanders. In an instant, his face streaming with blood, Roosevelt ran forward with a gesture of deprecation, crying out: "Stop! He didn't hear! He didn't hear!" and then shook hands warmly with the author of his misfortune to prove his belief that the blow was an accident.

How well these early phenomena forecast the methods Mr. Roosevelt would pursue as a fighter in public life, every one familiar with his career must recognize. He has gone his own way as peaceably as possible, but has never dodged a collision where the other fellow was bound to have one and had come out in search of it. His first important victory in politics was won in 1884, in the Republican State Convention at Utica, N. Y., where he appeared at the head of a little group of Edmunds men from New York city. In his home district he had won his right to go to Utica by defeating the veteran boss, "Jake" Hess, who had formerly swung things there to suit himself, and who laughed at the idea that "a youngster and a dude, with no support except from the swells of Murray Hill," could effect anything against a local party machine run by practical workers.

At Utica he crossed swords with Senator Warner Miller, then at the height of his prestige. Miller wished to go to the national convention at Chicago as one of the delegates at large to support Blaine. But the Utica convention was divided; Roosevelt's little group of delegates, though constituting only one-seventh of the total vote, was numerous enough to hold the balance of power, and its leader had the shrewdness to see how to use this. So Miller was ingloriously beaten, Roosevelt not only going to Chicago in his stead, but taking with him three other delegates at large of his own way of thinking. Miller had used his influence at Albany the previous winter to prevent Roosevelt's election as Speaker of the Assembly. After his triumph in the State convention, Roosevelt met Miller in the lobby of their hotel at Utica, and tapping him pleasantly on the shoulder remarked: "Senator, I forgive you. Time makes all things even." Miller's sense of humor, never of the best, was not equal to the appreciation of this reference; but Roosevelt enjoyed it enough for two.

In the spring of 1902 Congress consented to a plan recommended by the President in his message and framed a bill establishing a permanent census bureau. But it tried at the same time a trick. The temporary force whose work was then drawing to a close had been selected on the patronage plan, without competitive examination. The desire of the spoilsmen was to bring this whole body of employees into the classified service by legislation, so that as fast as the work was cleared up and the force reduced the protégés could be transferred to other positions under the Government. Such a plan would, of course, have been a gross injustice to other eligibles who had fairly earned their places by competitive examination.

Senate and House vied with each other in trying to load down the new bill with provisions which would accomplish the desired end by indirection. President Roosevelt, however, warned his friends in both chambers that if the bill came to him full of possible abuses he should veto it, even at the cost of losing the permanent bureau on which he had so set his heart. The bill, with its full burden of potential spoils, went to conference, where the advocates of the various schemes locked horns and fought their battle out; the result was the evolution of a paragraph which simply authorized the director of the census, with the approval of the Secretary of the Interior, to appoint to the permanent census office such members of the old force as he chose, placed these persons in the classified service by virtue of such appointment, and required that all subsequent appointments should be made through the usual machinery of the Civil-Service Commission. In this form the conference bill went through both houses with a rush, the spoilsmen believing that they had got, in effect, what they had started for.

The President saw his chance and lost not a moment in improving it. In an official letter to the Secretary of the Interior, who was entirely sympathetic with his purposes, he stated the interpretation he wished put upon the civil-service paragraph. Then he signed the bill. The next morning the spoils Congressmen awoke to the fact that instead of tricking the President they had tricked themselves. The paragraph they had passed, with his perfectly legitimate interpretation of it, tied up the whole business so that the director of the census would have to drop between 1,500 and 2,000 of the congressional protégés within the succeeding four months, and any additions he might need to make to his staff thereafter would have to be drawn from the registers of the Civil-Service Commission.

A favorite maxim of Roosevelt's is the old Norse viking's commentary on a short sword: "If you go in close enough, your sword will be long enough." His own sword is short, but he walks up to his subject so directly that his thrusts reach its heart. When he was engaged in reforming the police establishment in New York cautious friends warned him that other commissioners with virtuous intentions had tried the same thing, but that the force was so honeycombed with petty jealousies and favoritism and blackmail that the board could never ascertain the truth about what the men were doing.

"We'll see," he remarked, and he used the words literally. That day, at the close of office hours, he privately invited one of the doubters to accompany him on an early stroll through part of the East Side the following morning.

"How early?" asked his friend.

"Half past two. Meet me at Third Avenue and Forty-second Street."

The friend found the commissioner at the appointed place and hour, armed only with a little stick and a written list of the patrolmen's posts in the district which was to be visited. They walked over each beat separately. In the first three beats they found only one man on post. One of the others had gone to assist the man on the third, but there was no trace of the third man's whereabouts. They went over to Second Avenue, where they came upon a patrolman seated on a box with a woman.

"Patrolman," asked the commissioner, "are you doing your duty on post 27?"

The fellow jumped up in a hurry. This pedestrian, though unknown to him, was obviously familiar with police matters; so he stammered out, with every attempt to be obsequious: "Yes, sir; I am, sir."

"Is it all right for you to sit down?" inquired the mysterious stranger.

"Yes, sir—no, sir—well, sir, I wasn't sitting down. I was just waiting for my partner, the patrolman on the next beat. Really, I wasn't sitting down."

"Very well," said the stranger, cutting him short and starting on.

The officer ran along, explaining again with much volubility that he had not been sitting down—he had just been leaning a little against something while he waited.

"That will do; you are following me off post. Go back to your beat now and present yourself before me at headquarters at half past nine this morning. I am Commissioner Roosevelt."

Another three blocks and the strollers came upon a patrolman chatting with a man and a woman. They passed the group, went a little way, and returned; the woman was gone, but the patrolman and the man were still there, and deep in conversation. The talk was interrupted to enable the officer to answer the commissioner's questions. The man seized the opportunity to slip off.

"They were drunk, sir, a little intoxicated, sir," was the patrolman's excuse, as he caught an inkling of the situation. "I was just trying to quiet them down a bit. I'm sorry, sir, very sorry."

"That's enough. Come to Commissioner Roosevelt's office at half past nine."

In search of the roundsman the commissioner started, to call him to account for all this laxity of discipline. The roundsman was found gossiping with two patrolmen on another beat.

"Which of you men belongs here?" demanded the commissioner, addressing the patrolmen.

They and their companion met the inquiry defiantly. One of the trio retorted: "What business is that of yours?"

The commissioner made no response except to repeat his question in another form: "Which one of you is covering beat 31?"

It was now plain that they were in trouble. By the light of a neighboring gas-lamp the roundsman recognized the interrogator's face. He cast a significant look at one of his companions, who answered, meekly enough, "It's me, sir."

The other told where he belonged and left quickly for his post, while the roundsman made a poor fist of explaining that he was "just admonishing the patrolmen to move around and do their duty" when the commissioner came up.

"You may call on me at half past nine and tell me all about it," was the response; "I haven't time now to listen."

And so on till daylight. A little alleviation was once given to the discouragement of these discoveries when the commissioner moved into a precinct where he found everything running smoothly and in good order. The captain who had charge of it was ordered to call at headquarters that day, but to receive an expression of approval, not a reprimand like the others. The crestfallen culprits, at their hearing at half past nine, offered every possible excuse for their shortcomings. Some of them further assured the commissioner that that was the only night they had been derelict.

"Take care that there is never another," was his response. "I am going to see with my own eyes how you men employ your time."

Here was a case of the short sword which was long enough when used at close range. He had set out to fight corruption, laziness, and incompetence on the police force till he drove them out. His methods were novel, but what he saw himself was vastly more convincing than anything others could tell him.

The United Societies for Liberal Sunday Laws held a monster parade in New York while Mr. Roosevelt was in the midst of his enforcement of the excise law. Several of the city fathers and a few men prominently connected with the brewing and distillery interests were invited to review the procession. A perfunctory invitation was sent, of course, to the president of the Police Board, but with no suspicion that he would accept, as the whole demonstration was designed as a protest against his alleged tyranny. It was a mistaken assumption. At the hour designated the tyrant promptly mounted the reviewing-stand, greeting the others there with smiles and bows. Some of them did not know him by sight, and one, presently hearing the name Roosevelt on the lips of his companions, remarked to an affable stranger near him:

"I wish Roosevelt hadn't pushed this excise business so far."

"I 'pushed' it only to the extent of enforcing the law as I found it," was the good-tempered answer; "I didn't make the law."

The reviewer was almost as much startled by the contretemps as was one of the reviewed a while later. He was a sturdy veteran of the Franco-Prussian War who had turned out to make the welkin ring for free beer. As his detachment of paraders approached the stand the old fellow waved his arm impressively toward the advancing host and their banners, and shouted, with all the sarcasm possible concentrated in his tone:

"Nun, wo ist der Roosevelt!"

And was struck dumb by the vision of a smiling round face leaning over the rail toward him with the response:

"Hier bin ich! Was willst du, Kamarad?"

As soon as the veteran could command his voice again he led a cheer for the man he had set out to denounce.

Presently came along a carriage bearing a transparency: "Roosevelt's Razzle-dazzle Reform Racket." It was soon followed by another: "Send the Police Czar to Russia." The Czar greeted both with a laugh, and sent a policeman after the carriages to beg the gift of the two signs as souvenirs. The occupants were too surprised to refuse, and went over the rest of the route without any sneering insignia. Before the parade ended the news of the commissioner's presence on the stand, and the way he was enjoying the sport, had passed all the way down the line, and the cheering became general, punctuated with such approving calls as "Bully for Teddy!" "He's all right!" "Good boy!"

"Have you had fun, commissioner?" one of the last stragglers asked, as the review drew to a close.

"Never better in my life," was the cheery answer. "I wonder which side the joke was on?"

A New York newspaper came out with a bitter attack on the Police Board, charging it with inefficiency, and publishing in proof thereof "A Catalogue of the Principal Highway Robberies and Burglaries of the Preceding Fifty Days." It had been the custom of public functionaries in New York to ignore that sort of criticism as unworthy of notice, or merely return abuse for abuse. But such was not Roosevelt's style. He took up the alleged cases one by one and sifted them, and then met the charges with the deadly parallel in a rival newspaper. He put in one column the catalogue, and in the next—item opposite item—the true stories; showing whether the event had actually occurred, and, if so, what the police had done, how the booty had been recovered, and what had happened to the criminals. Out of the forty-four robberies listed, all but four proved to be "fakes" or failures.

But the answer did not end the defense. It added statistics to show that, comparing the fifty days under scrutiny with the corresponding period under the last preceding police administration, the number of felonies committed had diminished by 16 and the number of felons arrested increased by 15 per cent. Then it turned its artillery upon former misstatements in the same newspaper, and concluded the merciless exposure with a quotation from Macaulay's essay on the Memoirs of Barère: "In him the qualities which are the proper objects of hatred and the qualities which are the proper objects of contempt preserve an exquisite and absolute harmony. As soon as he ceases to write trifles he begins to write lies; and such lies! A man who has never been in the tropics does not know what a thunder-storm means; a man who has never looked on Niagara has but a faint idea of a cataract; and he who has not read Barère's Memoirs may be said not to know what it is to lie. . . . We have now gibbeted the carrion; and from its eminence of infamy it will not be easily taken down."

Even the judiciary was not spared when occasion demanded that it be handled frankly. Judge Cowing having, in a charge to the grand jury, once commented upon the increase of crime in New York in phrases that seemed to reflect somewhat upon the Police Department, Mr. Roosevelt seized the opportunity offered by an address before a conference of Methodist ministers to answer: "The judge's apprehensions were unfounded. In the aggregate there has been no increase of crime; there has been a decrease. In the next place, the most effective way to reduce crime is for the judges and magistrates to impose heavier sentences on criminals. The police do their duty well; but if the courts let the criminals go with inadequate sentences, the effect of the labor of the police is largely wasted. When I speak of inadequate sentences I mean such sentences as those imposed in the last six months by Judge Cowing and his associates. . . . Most of these criminals, guilty of highway robbery, burglary, grand larceny, and the like, are already free again, and the police must begin once more to watch over their deeds and to try to protect decent citizens against them. There is an urgent need that in their warfare against the criminal classes the police should receive help from the judiciary. . . . I should not speak of this at all, if one of the judges had not himself invoked the comparison."

The criticism which most unprejudiced commentators pass upon Mr. Roosevelt's way of carrying the fighting over into his adversary's corner is that so many of his retorts begin like Horace Greeley's: "You lie! you villain, you lie!" At the same time it must be admitted that, other things being equal, such candor does a good deal to clear the air before the real battle opens. I remember once hearing Mr. Roosevelt, as Civil-Service Commissioner, discredit a certain Cabinet member's truthfulness to his face. Another person who was present—a mild-mannered man with an ingenuous soul—seemed deeply pained by the scene while it lasted, and afterward said to me: "It was very discourteous treatment for Commissioner Roosevelt to visit upon an officer of so much higher rank. Why, he actually accused him of lying." And then, after a moment's pause, but with no indication of seeing anything funny in the remark, he added: "And what was worse, my dear sir, he went on and proved it."

CHAPTER XII

WAR AND PEACE

A much misunderstood philosophy—Manly sports as a life preparation—Mr. Roosevelt's attitude toward Spain—The Monroe doctrine, the Hague court, and the Kishenev petition.

"WHENEVER on any point we come in contact with a foreign power, I hope that we shall always strive to speak courteously and respectfully of that foreign power. Let us make it evident that we intend to do justice. Then let us make it equally evident that we will not tolerate injustice being done us in return. Let us further make it evident that we use no words which we are not prepared to back up with deeds, and that while our speech is always moderate we are ready and willing to make it good. Such an attitude will be the surest possible guarantee of that self-respecting peace, the attainment of which is and must ever be the prime aim of a self-governing people."

Without these words, publicly uttered, to support me, I should doubtless have astonished many readers when I said that Theodore Roosevelt, whose lips frame the word "war" so frequently, is not a lover of war for war's own sake. No one realizes the horrors, the demoralization, the nameless cruelties, attendant on an armed conflict between nations and parts of nations, more than he. To go to Cuba he tore himself away from a convalescent wife and a young babe. None loves his home and family more dearly, or appreciates more keenly what it means when husbands and lovers, fathers, sons and brothers are cut off in their ripe manhood, and the women and little ones dependent on them are thrown upon the mercies of the world. Yet multitudes of Americans shudder at his philosophy, because often it treats peace with scorn and places war among the most important levers of civilization—nay, in a sense, the supreme test of the worth of a people. Analysis could reduce it to certain elementary propositions, which may be roughly stated thus:

(1) Were human nature perfect, a state of perpetual and wholly honorable peace would be possible, because no one group of human beings would force any other group into a position from which there is no peaceful escape without dishonor.

(2) Human nature being still very imperfect, strong nations continue to prey upon weak ones, bullying nations to impose upon those which will submit to such treatment, and dissatisfied elements within a nation to rebel without reason against the constituted authority.

(3) Peace, bought at the price of concessions to force which has only injustice behind it, is as unrighteous as war waged for the deliberate purpose of imposing injustice upon others.

(4) The nation which falls into the habit of valuing peace above all other things and of purchasing it at any price, has its moral vitality so sapped thereby, and its instinct of right and wrong so dulled, that it soon drops out of the van of the higher civilization.

(5) This habit is easily formed by overlooking one and another case where the exercise of force would right a wrong, and resorting to diplomacy when that will afford only a palliative.

(6) A nation which acquires a reputation for avoiding war at any cost comes to be recognized as an easy mark, and invites indignities and even outrages which no other nation would think of visiting upon it if it were famous for its prompt punishment of such offenses.

(7) In order to be always in a position to defend itself and assert its rights, a nation must maintain an army and navy in a condition of efficiency at all times, and this means constant practise of the arts of war in times of peace.

There is the whole matter in a nutshell. Those of us who can not assent to all Mr. Roosevelt's philosophy think it leaves out of account the train of moral evils which follow in the physical wake of war: the enlarged sense, in ill-balanced minds, of the value of violence, and the diminished sense of the value of self-restraint; the distorted popular view of what constitutes justice in emergencies; the widespread notion that honesty and responsibility are elastic ideals, to be measured by the remoteness or the imminence of a crisis. But he would say no; all these things are discounted, not ignored. His theory is that they are outweighed in importance by the larger interests in the opposite scale.

War and the chase are occupations inseparably associated in the activities of primitive man. Mr. Roosevelt does not believe in getting too far away from primitive man. His theory of human progress involves not the wholesale surrender of the old order as preliminary to taking up the new, but the retention of all that is best in the old as a foundation for the new to build upon. Yet no one ever saw Theodore Roosevelt shooting at pigeons let out of a trap at so many paces. No one ever knew him to leave a wounded beast suffering in the tracks where he had shot it down. No one ever found in him the least trace of cruelty, as he sees it, in dealing with an animal either wild or tame. His home swarms with pets of all sorts, from horses and dogs to tropical birds of prey; his children are brought up among them, and encouraged to play with them fearlessly; but the father's mandate, back of everything, is unchangeable: "Be kind."

Where Mr. Roosevelt differs from most men who call themselves sportsmen is that sport with him is only a means to an end. He does not ride and hunt to kill time, but to prepare himself for the larger things of his career. Physical soundness he puts at the basis of all effective effort in the world. The man who lets his bodily force be dissipated by idleness he regards as almost as criminal as one who wrecks his system by a deliberate course of vice. President McKinley's friends used to attribute his ability to endure worry and abuse as well as he did, to his habit of dropping the day's cares with the day itself and carrying no troubles to bed with him. Mr. Roosevelt gets too healthily tired by bedtime to have his rest broken, but the secret of his thriving so well under his many burdens is his refusal to let anything whatever interfere with his daily exercise in the open air. No affair of state, no social entertainment, no phase of the weather has power to postpone this part of the President's program of duty.

For a duty he thinks it, quite as important as the duty of studying out economic problems and satisfying politicians. He feels that his sound physique is one of the assets on which his fellow citizens banked when they bespoke his services, and that to let it deteriorate would be to rob them of their dues to that extent. Moreover, hunting big game, hard riding, bouts with the gloves and foils, twenty-mile tramps over rough roads, scaling mountain crags, polo, football, wrestling, are to the individual, in Mr. Roosevelt's view, what occasional stimulation of the war spirit is to the nation. They harden his muscles, improve his wind and steady his nerves. They bring him face to face with danger till he learns to despise it. They sharpen his senses. They

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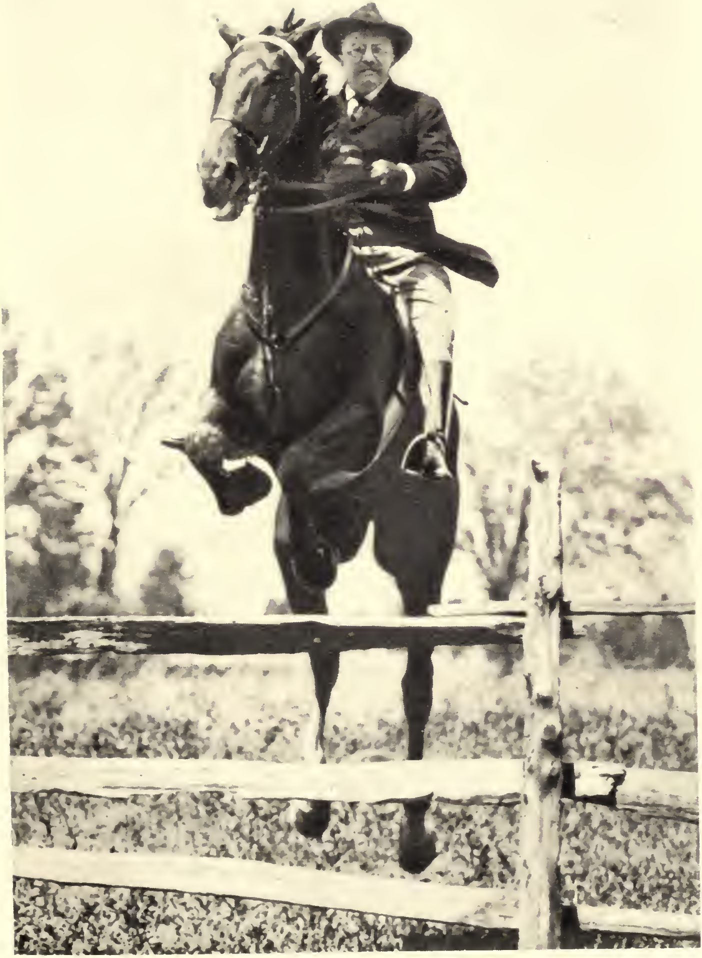

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AN AFTERNOON GALLOP.

make him resourceful almost in spite of himself. They quicken his wit and strengthen his will. They teach him self-care, self-control, self-confidence. And no man knows, till he has been actually tested, how he would act in emergencies.

It is on his belief in perpetual readiness—not on any liking for the attitude of the bully—that Mr. Roosevelt founds his assurance that manly sports, and especially sports involving competition and struggle, are an essential part of every man's training for life. What is true of the individual he regards as true of the nation. No people, he believes, ever kept themselves in condition for doing their best work in the world by going out of their way to avoid trouble which was bound to come sooner or later. Among schoolboys the most efficient peacemaker is he who first by gentle words strives to soothe the passions of two combatants, but, if they do not yield, is able to seize both by the hair and knock their heads together till they consent to listen to reason.

Mr. Roosevelt's anxiety for intervention in Cuba, even at the cost of a war, was founded on his belief that Spain would never compose the troubles there, and that as long as she retained her hold on the island we should continue to have almost within gunshot of our southern coast corrupt government, official cruelty, revolts, bloodshed, a birthplace of plagues and a refuge for runaway criminals. It was too much like living next door to a pesthouse; and if the authors of the nuisance had shown by all their past history an unwillingness to change their ways except under compulsion, he thought that the sooner the compulsion were applied the better.

Having made up his mind that Spain, with her duelist's sense of honor, would not yield without a fight, he was impatient for the consummation. One Sunday morning in March, 1898, we were sitting in his library discussing the significance of the news that Cervera's squadron was about to sail for Cuba, when he suddenly rose and brought his two hands together with a resounding clap.

"If I could do what I pleased," he exclaimed, "I would send Spain notice to-day that we should consider her despatch of that squadron a hostile act. Then, if she didn't heed the warning, she would have to take the consequences."

"You are sure," I asked, "that it is with unfriendly intent that she is sending the squadron?"

"What else can it be? The Cubans have no navy; therefore the squadron can not be coming to fight the insurgents. The only naval power interested in Cuban affairs is the United States. Spain is simply forestalling the 'brush' which she knows, as we do, is coming sooner or later."

"And if she refused to withdraw the orders to Cervera——"

"I should send out a squadron to meet his on the high seas and smash it! Then I would force the fighting from that day to the end of the war."

It was an open secret, even then, that the Cabinet was divided on the war question. Secretaries Gage and Long represented the peace party, and Secretaries Alger and Bliss the other. Secretary Sherman, who as premier would normally have exerted great influence in the executive councils as a champion of diplomatic methods, had become too enfeebled to take any effective interest in what was going on. President McKinley, having heard that Mr. Roosevelt entertained some decided views on the demands of the situation, sent for him one morning and listened to his exposition of them. Later on the same day, when the subject came up in the Cabinet, the President said with a smile: "Gentlemen, not one of you has put half so much vigor into your expression of opinion as Mr. Roosevelt, our Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He has the whole program of the war mapped out."

"Couldn't you get him to make a report in writing for our guidance?" inquired one of the party, adopting the President's jocose tone.

"Better than that: I can call him in and let you hear for yourselves," answered the President.

There was a general chorus of approval, and Mr. Roosevelt was sent for. He responded at once. Mr. McKinley propounded a few questions to set him going, and the whole Cabinet leaned back in their chairs and listened to a second edition of what the President had already heard, but delivered with increased emphasis and annotated with many characteristic gestures. When the speech was finished, the orator retired. The President looked around with an amused expression; three or four of the others laughed aloud. Those who did not laugh were restrained by the seriousness of the crisis, though finding something funny in what seemed to them the overwrought enthusiasm and the very radical proposals of the young Assistant Secretary. Before the afternoon was over, the scene in the Cabinet chamber had become the day's gossip at the Washington clubs. It seemed too good to keep.*

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* The whole record of this incident was long ago transcribed from notes made by me in the spring of 1898, with the idea of some possible historical use to be made of them later. I therefore feel the greatest assurance of their correctness, as there was no chance for my memory to play me tricks with the lapse of time. I have lifted the passage bodily into this book, in the shape in which it stood a great while before ex-Secretary Long published his recollections. With all deference to Mr. Long, and entire faith in his sincerity of purpose, I am bound to believe that he overlooked one essential feature of the story. He represents Mr. Roosevelt as anxious to crush Cervera's fleet on the high seas instanter, and without notice; whereas my notes show that Mr. Roosevelt's plan involved, as a preliminary, a warning to Spain that she must take the responsibility for whatever followed.

To confirm my recollection of what seems to me the vital element in this matter, I have before me as I write a recent letter from a colleague of Mr. Long's in President McKinley's Cabinet, who says that he "recalls distinctly Mr. Roosevelt's response to the invitation to lay his views before the whole Administration"; that Mr. Roosevelt "declared emphatically that the Spanish fleet should not be allowed to come"; and that when "President McKinley remarked that we were still at peace with Spain, and to interfere with this fleet would be an act of war, Mr. Roosevelt replied that Spain should be given to understand that the sending of that fleet here would be considered an act of war, and that we would govern ourselves accordingly if it were sent."

A comparison of this description of what occurred in the Cabinet room, with my quotation of Mr. Roosevelt's language at our interview in his house, seems to me to make the proof of Mr. Roosevelt's real position as strong as it could be made, especially as the corroborating letter was written without any knowledge of what I had prepared for print.

Yet the same statesmen who gave vent most heartily to their merriment at the council-table, and let the story leak out as a choice tidbit, were among those who cheered aloud the news of Dewey's victory at Manila two months later. They seemed quite oblivious of the fact that the principle of a first master-stroke was the same that Roosevelt had set forth, with other names and circumstances, in his speech to the Cabinet; that the despatch sending Dewey to the Philippines was signed by Roosevelt; and that the officer who obeyed the order with such splendid Yankee dash was the man on whom Roosevelt had fixed his eye for this very job before any one knew positively that war was coming.

The victory over Spain, the liberation of Cuba, the acquisition of an ungrateful burden in the Philippines, were only secondary results of the war. The largest was the standing our own nation suddenly assumed before the world. That Congress voted, with no partizan division, a preliminary $50,000,000 to be spent at the unlimited discretion of the President for the national defense; that when a popular loan of $200,000,000 was called for it was sevenfold oversubscribed; that, although the free-coinage ghost had been only about one year laid, the national finances did not go to a silver basis; and that the whole war practically consisted of our two victories on the sea, both exhibiting gunnery unexampled in naval annals: these facts aroused Europe to a realization that there was a new world power to be reckoned with in every international undertaking thereafter.

The first proof came with the campaign to relieve the besieged legations in Peking. Our Government astonished its allies by the humane attitude it maintained throughout that episode, and by which it saved China from summary partition as the result of the Boxer insurrection. That a nation commonly described as mercenary in spirit and devoid of the finer sentiments should thus lead all Christendom in magnanimity, was a revelation.

Mr. McKinley was President during the Chinese episode. In the establishment of The Hague tribunal of arbitration, however, the bulk of the active work fell upon the shoulders of President Roosevelt. A man as eager for bloodletting as he is represented to be would hardly have lent his efforts to the support of such a peace project. The truth is that no one is more willing than he to meet others in the spirit of compromise where the question at issue is one that will admit of mutual concessions. He merely distinguishes between arbitrating questions open to dispute and arbitrating those of which the merits are already plain. Everything possible to arbitrate without injustice, such as the measure of damages for injuries inflicted in one country upon the citizens of another, he would send without cavil to The Hague. Questions of taking away land that belongs to another he would not.

For that reason he induced Venezuela and the European claimants to carry the issues in dispute between them to the great international court, but set up a special commission to review the Alaska boundary case. His theory was that the United States had no concessions to make, but was willing that the other side should thoroughly convince itself of the hollowness of its claims before surrendering them. As he said once, a good while before he became President: "If England wishes to settle the Alaska question for good, I should answer: 'By all means. But before we begin to talk, gentlemen, here is our map!'" The sequel of the Alaska discussion appears to have justified his position.

The Venezuela incident, by the way,

brought into striking prominence the attitude of Mr. Roosevelt toward the group of American republics to the south of ours. For years he had been known as a vigorous champion of the Monroe doctrine, and no louder voice than his was heard in the popular chorus of approval which greeted President Cleveland's Venezuela message of 1895. On this apparently favorable disposition President Castro doubtless traded in his earlier dealings with the European claimants, and it was some such consideration which made him so anxious to name Mr. Roosevelt as sole arbitrator.

But here he was counting without his host. Mr. Roosevelt's conception of the duty of the United States to defend the southern republics from partition or absorption by any Old World power includes a strong sense of the obligation of these republics to abstain from gratuitously embroiling the United States with other nations. If the little republics expect the big republic's aid, they must conduct themselves in a manner to deserve it. No Central or South American state has a right to treat foreigners unjustly, and then run to the United States for protection as soon as their victims threaten to retaliate. The United States would not tolerate the seizure of an inch of American territory as a retaliatory measure; but if a European power sees fit to give the offending little fire-eater a sound spanking, it is not in Mr. Roosevelt's code that our Government must interfere.

This is his well-balanced view of the Monroe doctrine, and there is real kindliness of spirit behind it. At the same time that he was refusing to act as arbitrator himself and was maintaining a complacent demeanor in the presence of the foreign naval demonstration, he was giving not only his consent but his encouragement to the plan by which Herbert W. Bowen, our own minister at Caracas, should become Venezuela's plenipotentiary in the negotiations with the allies. It was an extraordinary concession for a professedly neutral power to make to a party in interest in such a controversy.

At the Easter season in 1903 the Jews in Kishenev, Russia, were attacked by mobs, and slain or beaten and driven from their homes without discrimination as to age or sex. The news of the outrages was so rigorously suppressed by the local authorities that it did not reach the outside world till some of the sufferers had fled to this country for refuge and told their story to gatherings of their coreligionists in New York and elsewhere. It is doubtful, indeed, whether the Czar learned what had happened till the harrowing details drifted back to Russia from other countries. Everything indicates that as soon as he did he took prompt measures to punish the ringleaders, and also the governor of the province and other official functionaries whose seeming indifference had encouraged the rioters.

The Jews of the United States and western Europe were naturally much incensed, and wished to have their respective governments make suitable representations to Russia of the abhorrence felt throughout Christendom for the outrages, in the hope that such a united protest would stimulate the Czar to extra exertions for the protection of his helpless subjects. To this end they drew up memorials for signature by benevolent people of all castes and religions, which could be presented at the court of St. Petersburg through the usual diplomatic agencies.

The wide publication of these projects moved the Russian Government to convey informally to the other governments, and especially to that of the United States, an intimation that it could not consent to receive such representations from any source whatever, as the subject-matter was exclusively a domestic interest. The European governments therefore dropped the whole business. Not so the Government at Washington. President Roosevelt gave the Russian ambassador every opportunity to put into formal shape the intimation already informally thrown out, and when this was not done he told the Jews that he would undertake to bring their paper to the notice of the Czar. In about a fortnight the memorial, signed by a multitude of prominent citizens, including public officers, educators, business men of note, and clergymen of all faiths, was in his hands.

Onlookers in the Old World held their breath at his temerity. The press in this country discussed the situation from every point of view. Would the presentation of the memorial under the circumstances be considered by Russia an affront which she must resent? Would the refusal of the Russian Government to receive the memorial be an affront which we must resent? Would the President force the memorial upon the Czar's attention in spite of everything? Would the incident lead to war, or, at any rate, to a suspension of diplomatic relations for some time?

All surmises proved vain. The incident was as unexciting as possible. The Russian Government declined to receive the memorial, as was expected. But no affront was given or assumed. Our representative at St. Petersburg visited the Foreign Office and came away without meeting with so much as a scowl of disapproval. Yet, by the clever handling of the affair, all had been done that any one set out to do; for the letter from Secretary Hay, in which our chargé was instructed to inquire whether the Russian Government would receive the memorial, itself recited the full text of that document. The cause for which the American Jews were pleading had been presented in their own chosen form not only to Russia but to the great tribunal of the world's opinion. The voice of American humanity had spoken, and without offense, while the dread of a fatal breach of etiquette was silencing all Europe.

It is such a position that President Roosevelt would have the United States occupy in the sisterhood of nations, as the great peacemaker, yet at the same time the fearless champion of justice; the leader of the world in commerce and the useful arts, yet never flinching at the menace of war when a righteous cause demands aggression or requires defense. If war must come to us at any stage as an incident of this program, he would welcome it as a national inspiration; if it were forced upon us when not necessary, he would deplore it; as an end in itself, or as a means to an unworthy achievement, he would resist it as stoutly as he denounces peace bought at the price of dishonor.

CHAPTER XIII

THE SOUTH AND THE NEGRO

Two questions that blend—A policy never before tried—Ideal conditions for inaugurating it—The Washington dinner incident—A needless uproar—Dr. Crum's collectorship.

THE Southern question in American politics since the reconstruction era has been simply the negro question under a larger name. At least the negro has been so far the dominant element in the Southern question as to obscure all the other elements. The fact that, although economic issues of great importance have come up for discussion and settlement in every political campaign, the menace of negro supremacy has been too serious to admit of any trifling, has kept a large majority of Southern white men of all shades of opinion banded together for mutual protection. This is what is known as the Solid South. The Democratic party, as the only generally recognized opponent of the party to which the negroes belonged, has extended its name over the heterogeneous group, regardless of the historic meaning of Democracy.

All Republican Presidents since Grant had found the Southern question the most troublesome in the foreground of the administrative field. All had been embarrassed by the fact that the votes of the negro leaders, good and bad alike, had been sought and used in the last national convention, and would be in the next, since they counted for just as much as an equal number of votes of white delegates. The manner in which Mr. Roosevelt came to the presidency, however, left him with a free hand. He owed nothing to any delegations, negro or white, Northern or Southern, in the Philadelphia convention of 1900; for he had spent all his time there not in seeking the nomination for Vice-President, but in trying to ward it off. He had welcomed any aid he could get toward throwing the nomination to somebody else; the delegates who were most enthusiastic for him provoked his displeasure rather than his favor, and he did everything he could to nullify their efforts. On his accession to the presidency just one thought possessed his mind respecting the South: If he could not in his own term break its solidity, he could at least set the solvent forces at work so that this section would take its place politically with the others under some succeeding administration.

On the day of President McKinley's obsequies in Washington I sat for an hour with Mr. Roosevelt in his temporary home, going over with him his plans for the future. It was strictly a friendly talk, free from the professional savor on either side. A month or so later, discussing the Southern-patronage question in the New York Evening Post, I wrote:

> The President, as a man who believes in parties, will prefer Republicans to Democrats, and strong party men to those who are uncertain and indifferent. But if it came to a question between an unfit Republican and a fit Democrat, he would not hesitate a moment to choose the Democrat. It has always been Mr. Roosevelt's desire to see the South back in full communion with the other sections in conducting the National Government, instead of standing on the outside whenever a Republican administration is installed at Washington. This is not the case with any other section, and he would take great pride in breaking it up in the South.

And the negro? He must take his chances like the rest. If he be a man who has earned the respect of his white neighbors by his efforts to be a good citizen, by avoiding disreputable associations and trying to be helpful in the community where he lives, he has nothing to fear from President Roosevelt because of his color; but if he has led a loose life, ignored his obligations to his fellow men individually and to society and the law, he will have no favor whatever because he is black or because he is a Republican. The standard of personal character and civic virtue which the President will set up for the negro's emulation is better embodied in Booker T. Washington than in any other man of color known to the public. By this measure every negro who aspires to office will be tested. By the degree in which he approaches or falls short of it he will be judged fit or unfit.

Of course, such a policy in the South meant only one thing as far as Mr. Roosevelt's immediate prospects were concerned. It was revolutionary, and flung the gage of battle squarely in the face of Southern Republicanism, or what had passed for it up to that time. It said to the leaders in effect: "I have no use for any so-called party which exists for revenue only. I may be nominated for a second term or I may not, but if I am I shall be under no obligations to such an one for votes. The idea that, in

States which have never given a Republican majority and have none in sight, the forms of partizan organization shall be kept up merely as an excuse for distributing Federal patronage, is repugnant to the principles of popular government; and the admission of a troop of such office-holders to a Republican national convention once in four years on a footing of equality with the delegates representing legitimate constituencies, is a fraud. Hereafter the South shall be governed in its Federal relations by the best men I can get from either race or either party."

This idea President Roosevelt began to hammer home by making appointments which fairly electrified the South. He was in the midst of his task in October, 1901, and winning golden opinions on every side, when—he entertained Booker Washington at dinner at the White House.

It has been widely remarked that, in the light of his present knowledge, neither party to the incident would repeat it were he to live the same period over. I do not believe that any one has authority to make such a statement. Certainly neither participant has any apology to offer on grounds of propriety or feels the slightest compunction or regret on moral grounds. Mr. Washington is one of the men whom President Roosevelt most admires, and whom he is proudest to number among his friends. They meet on terms of frank equality, except inasmuch as the presidential office itself confers a special dignity upon its occupant which all patriotic Americans recognize. The most that a commentator could claim in derogation of the dinner incident is that things which are right in themselves are sometimes inexpedient because the conditions are not ripe for them.

I happen to know that this affair was not of Mr. Washington's seeking. He had been sent for because the President wished to consult him on a special subject. Realizing that any needless publicity given to his relations with the President might lay him open to the suspicion of having political ends to serve and thus interfere with his educational work, he wished to avoid newspaper mention of his visits to the capital as far as possible. To that end one of his friends came to me in his behalf for advice as to how he could get into and out of the city and make his brief call at the White House without meeting any reporters. I suggested a plan which worked admirably as far as it went, but failed at its final stage because we could not very well make the President a party to it.

Mr. Washington escaped the dreaded interviewers, but fell a victim to the routine of the executive mansion. It was a custom, devised for the convenience of the local press, to furnish to the doorkeepers the names of all guests received by the President out of office hours, and the doorkeepers communicated this list to any reporter who called in the evening. The uniform practise was followed in this instance, and the next morning's Washington Post contained a two-line paragraph, in an obscure place at the bottom of an inside page: "Booker T. Washington, of Tuskegee, Ala., dined with the President last evening." These facts appear here for the first time in print, because I feel that their correct statement is only just to both parties to the dinner episode. It was highly creditable to Mr. Washington that he did nothing to promote, but everything in his power to prevent, the exploitation of the honor shown him; and no more contemptible slander was ever cast upon the President than the charge that he arranged the whole business for political effect, in order to hold the rank and file of the negro vote in spite of his deposal of sundry leaders.

Had the perfunctory announcement I have quoted been never so widely copied, but allowed to stand without comment, no trouble would have resulted. The South has only itself—or its torrential journalism—to thank for the commotion aroused among the negroes by the news. Mr. Washington was not the only negro who had enjoyed the hospitalities of the White House. Moreover, Mr. Roosevelt was the first Republican President since the civil war, not excepting Mr. Hayes, who had gone vigorously into the work of restoring the South to its heritage of full membership in the Union, with due regard for the wish of the superior race to rule. He was a Caucasian to the tips of his fingers. He was of Southern ancestry on his mother's side, and proud of it. Having been still in pinafores when Richmond fell, no bitterness lurked in his soul for the Confederates of forty years ago. He was hoping to mark his administration in history by leaving the South politically regenerated; this stood, in fact, first among the ambitions he cherished for his purely domestic policy. No man could have been more ideally adapted for the work he had in view, if the people for whom he was laboring had let him carry out his plans in his own way.

They did not. A few hysterical Southern newspapers took up the subject of the Washington dinner as if it had been intended for a challenge, instead of a mere incident of the usual routine of life at the White House. They began by declaring that this one act had set at naught every good thing the President had done in the South; that it proved him a hypocrite in his pretensions of sympathy with the Southern people; that it had raised a sectional barrier which could not now be removed till another administration had been installed at the seat of government; that henceforth the people of the South were warned that Rooseveltism "meant nigger supremacy as surely as Grantism did"; and so forth. Some of the clergy echoed this silly chatter, and mixed politics and sectionalism with their religious teachings.

Even Mrs. Roosevelt was not spared; for a long time I kept on my desk as a curiosity an illustration of a stripe of chivalry for which the higher latitudes have no room except in the hospitals—a cartoon representing the President and his wife at table, his face wearing a broad smile of delight while she assiduously pressed dainties upon a hideous black savage seated between them. This, I am informed, was suppressed soon after its issue, when an attempt was made to circulate it gratuitously in a political campaign, but the better element in the local Democratic management rebelled at the idea of using such weapons.

Of course, though intelligent negroes of the Washington type were not thrown off their balance by all this upheaval among the whites of the South, it could have only one effect upon the ignorant and impressionable element. They saw in it a sign that a second Lincoln had come to the rescue of their race—that as the great emancipator had stricken the shackles from their bodies, so his successor had broken through the wall of color caste and put them upon social equality with their white neighbors, which they would only have to assert thereafter in order to compel recognition. Washington himself had the good sense to pass the whole matter by without a word beyond his usual counsels to his people, of patience, forbearance, gentleness, persistence in well-doing.

The President made no public utterance whatever, and in private conversation with his friends showed no anger, but only pity for the folly of a few hotheads which was bound to bring trouble in its train for the sane and sober majority.

The White House mails, however, were flooded with correspondence on the subject. So-called friends wrote to urge the President to take the South at its word and give it negro supremacy with a vengeance from that day forward; others admonished him that the uproar had been raised by Southern politicians with a design of frightening decent Democrats out of accepting office at his hands thereafter, and advised that he avoid humiliation by building up a white Republican organization throughout the South. Anonymous scrawls served notice on him that he must never attempt to set his foot on Southern soil again for the rest of his term, and that he must keep all members of his family in the North also, if he would save himself and them from insult or worse.

These letters, friendly, unfriendly and indifferent, went together into the waste-basket. The President changed not a tittle of his program in response to them. He had begun by appointing to a Federal judgeship in Alabama, on Booker Washington's advice, Ex-Governor Thomas G. Jones, a Democrat, an ex-Confederate, and a citizen of the highest personal worth and honor. He had followed this with the choice of Edgar S. Wilson, a white Democrat of recognized position, for marshal of the northern district of Mississippi.

He had no backward step to take, and he went on doing as before, selecting his Southern appointees by the same standards, and meeting nowhere a rebuff from a high-minded and educated white Democrat. Men like Robert C. Lee in Mississippi and Thomas R. Roulhac in Alabama were not frightened by the passing flurry. It was soon plain that the half-civilized prophets who had forecast the downfall of Mr. Roosevelt's policy did not know the better people of their own section. He visited Nashville, Tenn., to assist in welcoming home Vice-Governor Luke E. Wright from the Philippine Islands; but, beyond a few cat-calls and growls which greeted his carriage in one of the slums of the city, no unpleasant manifestation was made in any quarter. He went to Charleston at the invitation of leading citizens to present a sword to his late comrade-in-arms, Major Micah Jenkins; nothing occurred to mar the decorum of the occasion or to indicate any decline in the local sentiment of respect for the chief magistrate. A hunting expedition was organized for his benefit in Mississippi, and neither there nor on the journeys back and forth was there any show of hostile feeling. In all these instances members of the suite who accompanied him thought they discovered a subdued quality in the popular enthusiasm by comparison with other receptions of presidential parties in the South, but this was far from being a serious drawback, and there was certainly not enough of a change to dampen the enjoyment of the President himself.

A fresh outbreak of excitement occurred after the Charleston visit, when, at the end of a long inquiry into the merits of the respective candidates, the President appointed Dr. William D. Crum, a colored physician, collector of customs at that port. Crum was a citizen of character and standing. He was an educated man, and at the head of his profession among his own people. The whites all spoke well of him, especially of his unobtrusiveness and generally self-respecting attitude. Any note bearing his indorsement was readily discounted at the banks. He was prominent in the local colored charities. In every way he ranked as the leading negro in his part of the South. The white men who had most vigorously pressed the opposition to him were of the old school of Southern Republicans with whom the President was wholly out of sympathy.

In other parts of the South—notably in Georgia, Louisiana, and Mississippi — Mr. Roosevelt had commissioned or recommissioned a few negroes of the higher type to offices where least objection could be raised by the white people. These appointments had met sometimes with pronounced approval, sometimes with a discreet reserve, always with a sensible recognition of the situation. Compared with other Republican Presidents, he had made a very sparing use of his prerogative, measured by the percentage of negroes in the local Republican contingent. In South Carolina there was a paucity of offices that carried any dignity with them. Practically the list consisted of the postmastership and the collectorship of customs at Charleston, the district attorneyship and the collectorship of internal revenue. The census of the State showed nearly 20,000 more negroes than whites of voting age in the population. One office in the four of any consequence, therefore, seemed to the President not an undue proportion to be accredited to the negroes, even admitting the wide prevalence of illiteracy among them. The office which a negro could hold presumptively with least liability to offend his white neighbors was the collectorship of customs. The others would be likely to bring him into bodily contact with the whites; the routine duties of this one could be administered through a deputy and subordinates, the collector himself occupying an inner room of the custom-house. Here he could read his mail, dictate letters, revise and sign documents prepared for him by trained clerks; the port's business, in short, might be transacted from year's end to year's end without any outsider's discovering whether the collector was tall or short, good-looking or ugly, deaf, dumb, blind or normal, white, black or copper-colored.

Hardly, however, had the report gone forth that the President intended appointing Crum, before the White House was deluged with letters and telegrams and marked newspapers from a little group of Charlestonians who assumed, after the Tooley Street precedent, to speak for all the people. Chief among the remonstrants was one who asserted that the President during his visit to the Charleston exposition in the spring of 1902 had pledged his word to three prominent white citizens that he would never appoint a negro to office in that city. The fallacy of this charge was, of course, perfectly plain to every one in the President's confidence, who knew what plan he was consistently carrying out in the South and what relation the South Carolina offices bore to this. But setting aside all considerations of the insult intended, Mr. Roosevelt wrote to one of the trio concerned:

"How any one could have gained the idea that I had said that I would not appoint reputable and upright colored men to office when objection was made to them on account of their color, I confess I am wholly unable to understand. At the time of my visit to Charleston last spring I had made, and since that time I have made, a number of such appointments from several States in which there is a considerable colored population. . . . These appointments of colored men have in no State made more than a small proportion of the total number of appointments. I am unable to see how I can legitimately be asked to make an exception for South Carolina.

"So far as I legitimately can I shall always endeavor to pay regard to the wishes and feelings of the people of each locality, but I can not consent to take the position that the door of hope—the door of opportunity—is to be shut upon any man, no matter how worthy, purely upon the grounds of race or color."

Before dropping this subject I can not forbear citing a few facts which throw an interesting side-light upon the commotion raised in the South by the President's attitude toward the negro. Elsewhere some mention is made of the Indianola incident, in which a mob in a Mississippi village drove an unoffending colored woman out of her place as postmaster because the white citizens could not bear to receive their mail from the hands of a negress. The Postmaster-General closed the office, thereby compelling its patrons to send several miles to another office for their mail. The messenger employed for this service, and paid by the patrons out of their own purses, is a negro; so that their mail actually comes to them now from a pair of black hands, the only difference being that the hands are those of a privately hired man instead of a woman with a Government commission.

A young Southerner of blue blood, good education, and generally progressive ideas, and a warm friend and admirer of Mr. Roosevelt's withal, said to me one day: "I love that man; I would do anything in the world for him, follow him anywhere. But the one thing in his career which I shall never get over is the Booker Washington incident. Understand me: I do not disparage Washington's work—I appreciate it as much as you do. I admit all that you say of his personal worth. He has been in my mother's parlor, and invited to sit down there. I don't know that I should have had any feeling about the President's asking him to a lunch or dinner by themselves. But to invite him to the table with ladies—that is what no Southerner can brook!"

But last and best, note this: In the fall of 1903 there was a gathering of bishops and clergy of the Protestant Episcopal ministry in Washington to celebrate an important event in the history of the diocese. The President had consented to take part in the ceremonies, and in his turn gave a reception at the White House to the visiting delegates. He had no share in making out the list of invitations, but left all such details to the managers of the affair, who were largely Southern clergymen. Among those who responded were a negro archdeacon from North Carolina, with his wife, and the negro rector of a flourishing parish in Maryland. All met on an outwardly equal footing under the President's roof; all joined in partaking of the refreshments spread for them, eating from the same set of plates and drinking from the same set of glasses, some sitting and some standing, but with no social or race lines apparently drawn between any classes in the assemblage. Yet the Southern ministers and bishops did not seem to be at all disconcerted, and not a Southern newspaper raised its protest at their share in this crime against Caucasian civilization!

Is it wonderful that even so discerning a mind as the President's is unable to grasp the subtle distinctions which his social censors have tried to force upon him?

CHAPTER XIV

CAPITAL AND LABOR

Combination in both fields—Labor unions and the civil service—The Miller case—Overlooked facts in the coal arbitration——Things a demagogue would not have done.

It is no uncommon thing to hear Theodore Roosevelt denounced as a demagogue because of his attitude toward what is known as the labor problem. Now, the term demagogue is rather hard to define. To my mind it seems to mean a man of higher intelligence bending his judgment hypocritically to the passing whims of the mob in order to win its favor. Mr. Roosevelt's views on labor questions, however, are a necessary outgrowth from his fundamental opinions on economics and politics at large. This statement, which seems only his due, I offer with the greater cheerfulness because there is no subject of difference between us which makes the sparks fly more actively when we get into a discussion of it.

I have already spoken of Mr. Roosevelt's unqualified belief in combination and organization as a means of accomplishing results in public fields of activity. What he believes in for politics, for religion, for trade, for legislation, he believes in equally for labor. He has never discouraged combinations among capitalists except where they have violated the law, and has advocated no laws of repression except such as would prevent inhumanity in the treatment of some helpless class; by parity of reasoning he not only has not discouraged, but has freely encouraged, combinations among wage-workers, though always drawing the line sharply at the point where, in his opinion, they tended to substitute tyranny for fair play or lawlessness for honorable self-assertion. The difficulty of locating that point in certain cases leaves a considerable margin for ethical debate and criticism. To that extent Mr. Roosevelt has sometimes laid himself open to attack on the score of misjudgment; but I have never heard his sincerity of motive successfully assailed.

Take the case of the typographical unions and their kindred organizations for an illustration. As Civil-Service Commissioner, it was his constant endeavor to have the Government

Printing Office brought under the merit system. A good many opponents of the plan reminded him of the difficulty of dealing with a mechanical trade, so largely governed by combinations, in the same way as with clerical labor, which was unorganized. Mr. Roosevelt brushed these objections aside. The unions, he declared, ought to be the best possible friends of the merit system if their claim were honest that they existed for the improvement of their craft. The requirement of a merit test for admission to the Government Printing Office would tend to raise the standard of public service in the typographic and allied arts, and he should ask the most expert craftsmen to help him in his effort, even to the extent of preparing the rules for examining applicants. When warned that this meant the permanent control of the office by the unions, he answered that, if the Government obtained better service as a consequence, he could not see what question could be raised as to the element in control; but that if an attempt were ever made—which he did not expect—to exercise such control improperly, it could and would be checked at once.

An appeal was accordingly made to the best practical printers within reach to lend a hand at the organization of the office on a merit basis. It did not succeed at once, and the formal classification was delayed till Mr. Roosevelt had been some time separated from the Civil-Service Commission. When the change was made, however, it was on the lines he had laid down. The first effect, as had been predicted, was to establish the unions firmly as the dominant force in the office. Practically this made no difference in existing conditions, for the printers, binders, engineers, etc., who in the past had been appointed to places there as a matter of political favor, had always been either members of the unions or candidates for membership; no politician of influence enough to command such patronage had dared go outside of the unions and their waiting lists in choosing its beneficiaries.

Matters went along smoothly enough till the Miller case came up last summer. William A. Miller, assistant foreman in the bindery branch of the office, was a non-union man. He had formerly belonged to the union, but had been expelled because, in defiance of the rules of the union, he had pointed the way for the Government's use of cheaper methods of manufacture, thus effecting a saving estimated at $8,000 a year. From the day of their split the union opened a systematic warfare upon him with the purpose of driving him from his place. It succeeded at last by threatening to strike unless he were removed.

Miller's protest was carried to President Roosevelt, who, on the facts as presented—that Miller was a competent workman, but had been dismissed from public employ because the union had expelled him—ordered his reinstatement in a letter which also said: "There is no objection to the employees of the Government Printing Office constituting themselves into a union if they so desire; but no rules or resolutions of that union can be permitted to override the laws of the United States, which it is my sworn duty to enforce." In a later communication the President quoted the judgment of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission, "that no person shall be refused employment or in any way be discriminated against on account of membership or non-membership in any labor organization," and added: "I heartily approved of this award and judgment by the commission appointed by me, which itself included a member of a labor union. This commission was dealing with labor organizations working for private employers. It is, of course, mere elementary decency to require that all the Government departments shall be handled in accordance with the principle thus clearly and fearlessly enunciated."

The union yielded the point, but in a dissatisfied and resentful spirit. Rumors reached the President's ears that there would be a general strike presently throughout the Government Printing Office as an expression of sympathy with the defeated binders. His response to that was an order that every employee in the big establishment should be regularly sworn into the service. Those who did not care to be sworn had the privilege of resigning. All subscribed to the oath, which wiped out the last danger of an embarrassing revolt.

To clinch this business, Mr. Roosevelt accepted an invitation to visit Syracuse, N. Y., on Labor Day and review the parade of the labor unions of that city and the surrounding towns. It was an extraordinary compliment for a President of the United States to pay to a single community and a single element in that community; the invitation was undoubtedly accepted for the double purpose of showing that the Government Printing-Office episode must not be interpreted as indicative of the President's hostility to organized labor in its proper field, and also as a challenge to certain loud-mouthed agitators who had declared that because of the stand he had taken in the Miller case the working people of the country would thenceforth turn their backs upon him. The visit was a success. No such labor parade had ever been witnessed in the neighborhood, and the enthusiasm of the paraders was unquestionable.

The binders' union now began to attack Miller from a new quarter. One reason why he had been driven out of their organization, they declared, was that he was morally worthless; and they insisted that his record, if searched, would show him to be a bigamist and otherwise an unfit associate for respectable men and women. The reservation of this consideration till the other had been disposed of was a shrewd but not very reputable bit of tactics. Its purpose was revealed by a preamble and resolutions adopted by the Central Labor Union of Washington, D. C., and mailed broadcast to labor unions all over the country, in which, among other things, it was declared that "whereas the President of the United States has seen fit to reinstate W. A. Miller . . . notwithstanding the overwhelming evidence of his moral turpitude, and has also committed himself to the policy of the open shop, . . . the order of the President can not be regarded in any but an unfriendly light," and organized labor everywhere was "urged to petition the President of the United States to modify his order of no discrimination, and order W. A. Miller's dismissal from the Government service."

Here, as will be seen, an effort was deliberately made to confuse the public mind by merging two wholly separate issues. The President had never passed upon Miller's private morals, for no such subject had been presented to him for adjudication. He had before him only the question whether a man who was trying to earn his living at a legitimate trade, and the quality of whose craftsmanship had not been assailed, should be ousted from Government employ for no better reason than that he was not a member of a labor union. The dragging up of Miller's alleged unlawful domestic relations was absolutely foreign to the matter in hand. It was either an afterthought on the part of his accusers, or else had been designedly kept back for the purpose of entrapping the President. The resolutions of the Central Labor Union, if accepted at their face value by other unions and the public, would convict the President of having wittingly stood sponsor for a man of bad character for the sake of putting an affront upon organized labor, when nothing could have been further from the truth.

Many a man would have been so disgusted by such double-dealing as to throw over all efforts to deal courteously or even considerately with its perpetrators. Mr. Roosevelt, on the contrary, feeling that a few schemers should not be allowed to damage the cause of a multitude of deserving men, has maintained as friendly an attitude as before toward the great body of workingmen. Those who have tried to make political capital of the Miller incident would be interested in reading a correspondence between the President and a timid friend who was much concerned over his future. The friend adjured him to throw Miller overboard on any pretext, as otherwise the whole force in the Government Printing Office would go out on strike, and this would complicate the politics of the situation dreadfully. Mr. Roosevelt's answer contained this rather plain English: "Of course I will not for one moment submit to dictation by the labor unions any more than by the trusts, no matter what the effect on the presidential election may be. . . . I will proceed upon the only plan possible for a self-respecting American President, and treat each man on his merits as a man. The labor unions shall have a square deal, and the corporations shall have a square deal, and, in addition, all private citizens shall have a square deal. . . . If those labor-union men strike, not one of them will do another stroke of Government work while I am President."

The same spirit was shown in the case of the Arizona mining strike riots in 1903, when the Governor notified the President of the inability of the civil authorities to control the mob. Within thirty minutes from the receipt of this telegram a detachment of United States troops was on its way to the scene of disorder.

The anthracite-coal strike illustrated in still another fashion Mr. Roosevelt's method of meeting a labor crisis. That the crisis existed could not be doubted by any one who saw the letters and telegrams which came to the White House from the Governor of Massachusetts, the Mayor of New York, the Mayor of Chicago, the Mayor of Detroit, the New York Board of Trade, the managers of mills and factories, and others. The remedies suggested were various. Not a few eminent men of usually sound and conservative judgment had been carried away by the idea of seizing the mines under the Government's right of eminent domain. Indeed, if the whole story were written, ex-Senator Hill's socialistic plank in the New York Democratic platform of 1902 would be found to have been no isolated freak of sentiment.

One man of means and influence wrote: "The coal strike must end at once. If the operators persist in refusing to arbitrate, they will strengthen the socialists in their efforts to secure Government control." Another telegraphed: "If the disputants will not themselves find some way of supplying, without delay, what is really a necessary of life, some way will have to be found to make them!" A prominent citizen of New York, whose name is known all over the world, said, in the course of a long written review of the situation: "Within a month coal will be as much of a necessity for all the inhabitants of the States north of the Mason and Dixon line as food or milk or water, and the persons who stand in the way of its supply at reasonable rates will be the enemies of all the people, with a criminality nothing short of murder."

A demagogue in Mr. Roosevelt's place would have listened to only one side of the quarrel between the operators and the miners; if he had interfered at all, it would have been by convening Congress in extraordinary session in the midst of a political campaign. In these circumstances, clear thinking and unbiased action would have been well-nigh impossible, for every member of either house would have come to Washington charged with admonitions from the labor organizations at his home to stand by the coal-field workers in their struggle. A man who was not actually a demagogue, but merely timid, would have waited till Congress assembled and shifted to its shoulders the responsibility of dealing with the strike; but Congress would not assemble till December, and by that time the whole Northern country would have made its plunge into a winter without fuel.

The step taken by the President in this

crisis was a bold one. He had no more precedent for it than he had the next year for his Panama policy. It is an open secret that most of the lawyers and public men with whom he counseled advised him that his authority to organize a board of arbitration was at least doubtful, if indeed it had any foundation whatever. What assurance had he that Congress would sanction his action, and vote the money for the expenses of the arbitration? How could he so choose the membership of the board as to satisfy both sides, so that neither would refuse to submit its case? Finally, when the arbitrators had finished their work, how could he make certain that all parties would carry out their obligations under the award in good faith?

Instead of convening Congress, he called together the leaders of both the warring elements. He reasoned, and soundly, that whatever all these men agreed to, Congress could not refuse to ratify on any specious ground of partizanship, and he would have the sanction of the law after the fact if not in advance of it. The membership of the board should be described, even if not personally named, by the same gathering. And before the first decisive move were made in any direction, he would pledge all the parties in interest to an honest fulfilment of the decree of the arbitrators, whether for or against themselves. This plan he carried out to the letter. Of course, he did not escape criticism. A part of the press which was already committed against any concession to the miners, right or wrong, charged him with the usurpation of extra-constitutional powers; others attacked, some humorously and some seriously, the personnel of the arbitration commission. For example, the representatives of the operators and of the miners had jointly decided that the commission should comprise an army or navy engineer, a mining engineer, a judge of a United States court, a sociologist, and a man who had been actively engaged in mining and selling coal and was familiar with the business. The rest of this descriptive list was easy enough to select, but the sociologist presented a puzzle. Who would come under that head? The Century Dictionary defined a sociologist as "one who treats of or devotes himself to the study of sociology," and sociology as "the science which investigates the laws regulating human society" and treats of "the progress of civilization."

It seemed, for various reasons, undesirable to load down so practical a commission with a mere theorist or doctrinaire, and the professional sociologists who actually mixed with men and studied their subject at first hand were few and far between. So the President adopted a definition of his own, and laid his hand at once upon the man whom he believed it best fitted. This was E. E. Clark, a railway conductor. If any person in any occupation had had an opportunity to study humankind in groups, and under nearly all conditions calculated to bring out their peculiarities, it was one in Mr. Clark's calling. Apart from this consideration, moreover, Mr. Clark bore the name of a fair-minded man. Above all, he was an officer of one of the leading trade-unions in the country, with a membership of exceptional character and intelligence, the Brotherhood of Railway Conductors. This was the shrewd feature of the whole affair: whatever report Mr. Clark concurred in was bound to be conservative of the rights of the unions, and hence acceptable to organized labor everywhere.

So, while newspaper writers and stump orators were poking fun at the President for his peculiar application of the term "sociologist," he laughed with them outwardly, but at them in secret; for he knew what he was about, and they did not. Subsequent events, as we have seen, have vindicated his wisdom. The report of the commission, which was not signed and delivered till it had been put into a shape where every member could unite in it, not only settled this particular strike, but fixed a point of departure for the treatment of any labor questions with which the Government might be called upon to deal thereafter.

It was hardly the act of a demagogue—that visit of Police Commissioner Roosevelt to Clarendon Hall in New York during a particularly trying strike period to meet a body of representative workingmen. The police had been in more or less trouble with the restless element daily, and blood had flowed sometimes when officers had interfered with the efforts of strikers to "persuade" their scab substitutes to drop work. The commissioner had got tired of waiting for the difficulty to compose itself. He fancied that if all the facts were brought out by a good-tempered inquiry it might be possible for the city government to do something toward restoring quiet. So he arranged to have a talk with the strikers face to face. When he came to the hall he found —as one might have guessed—a group of men determined to get all they could and yield nothing. They had quite misinterpreted his friendly advance. Why should he, a politician, come among them at this juncture except to cajole them for votes? And if he was to have the votes, he should pay a handsome price for them. So they dragged out their grievances and paraded them before him, and when they saw that he was listening intently they played their second card—threats.

A change passed over his face and manner. The appearance of sympathetic interest gave way, first to one of astonished curiosity, as if he were not sure that he had heard aright, and then to a settled expression of sternness. "Wait a moment!" he exclaimed, in a tone of command that brought the proceedings to a sudden standstill. "We came together to try to understand each other better. I wanted to learn from your own lips what there really was behind your trouble with your employers. I begin to think that some of you have mistaken the purpose of my invitation. Remember this, please, before we go one step further: the man among you who advises or encourages violence is the enemy of all. We shall have order in this place and peace in this city before we have anything else; and the police will preserve it. Now, if the air is clearer, we can go on."

The men who had been talking brute force came down once more to reason. They were cowed; and their companions, instead of being angry, cheered loudly the politician who wouldn't be bullied.

Nor did it indicate a servile spirit when Commissioner Roosevelt made a speech of commendation and congratulation to a roundsman whom he promoted for a specially good piece of work during the same season. There was much rioting in this officer's district. He was told to take six men and keep a certain line of street-railroad open. The mob had reached a point where it was sullen and dangerous; the roundsman therefore promptly took decisive measures—charged it, clubbing right and left, and, without giving it a moment's chance to rally, drove it in headlong flight, and kept the whole railroad line clear. He had won his promotion to a sergeancy by a deed which was military in its efficiency, and Mr. Roosevelt recognized the fact without a moment's hesitancy.

CHAPTER XV

TRUSTS, TARIFF AND IMPERIALISM

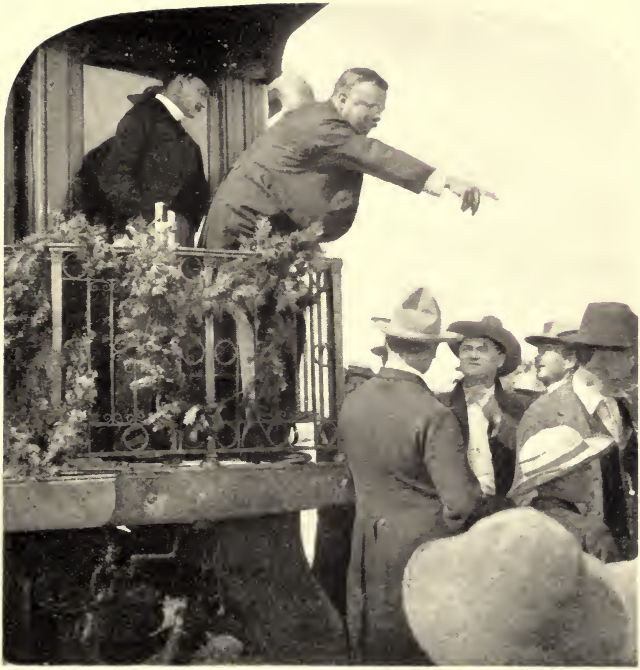
Why one corporation is sued and another not—Prudential value of publicity—Free-trader versus Republican—A Philippine forecast sustained—Tropical colonies and the flag.

ABOUT the middle of February, 1902, President Roosevelt authorized the prosecution of the Northern Securities Company for violation of the Sherman anti-trust law, because he was advised by Attorney-General Knox that there was a fair reason for believing that the courts would sustain this action. The United States Steel Corporation had been marked by the public as a probable target for this sort of attack; but it was not prosecuted, because the President was advised by the Attorney-General that a prosecution would probably not be sustained by the courts.

Therein lies the whole story of Mr. Roosevelt's attitude toward the great trade and commercial combinations. The many explanations offered by contemporary writers might be boiled down into two: (1) That he was trying to get even with sundry eminent capitalists who had criticized him; (2) that an attack on a Western combination would make votes for him among the farmers, while by lenity toward an Eastern combination he would keep on terms with certain New York capitalists whose friendship he needed.

The idea that the President had figured out an intricate anti-trust scheme so as to use a Federal law as a club for his personal revenges and a staff for his political advancement was plainly absurd. In truth, his mind so works along straight lines and on known angles that his conclusions are easier to forecast than those of perhaps any other man in public life today. In his Minneapolis speech of September 2, 1901, he said: "The vast individual and corporate fortunes, the vast combinations of capital, which have marked the development of our industrial system, create new conditions and necessitate a change from the old attitude of the State and the nation toward property. It is probably true that the large majority of the fortunes that now exist in this country have been amassed, not by injuring our people, but as an incident to the conferring of great benefit upon the community. There is but the scantiest justification for most of the outcry against the men of wealth as such; and it ought to be unnecessary to state that any appeal which directly or indirectly leads to suspicion and hatred among ourselves . . . is an attack upon the fundamental properties of American citizenship. Our interests are at bottom common; in the long run we go up or go down together. Yet more and more is it evident that the State, and if necessary the nation, has got to possess the right of supervision and control as regards the great corporations, which are its creatures; particularly as regards the great business combinations which derive a portion of their importance from the existence of some monopolistic tendencies. The right should be exercised with caution and self-restraint, but it should exist so that it may be invoked if the need arise."

This was before he had any thought that he should be, for at least three or four years, in a position to recommend legislation or direct its enforcement. His first message to Congress after he became President contained phrases which practically echoed his Minneapolis speech. There was nothing in either utterance



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SPEAKING TO THE PEOPLE FROM A CAR PLATFORM.

to alarm investors in industrial corporations, provided these concerns were keeping within the law. If they were not, then they were fairly warned to readjust their business so as to bring it within the law, or find no fault if the machinery of justice should overtake their enterprises.

It has, moreover, always been Mr. Roosevelt's belief that existing laws left untouched one evil which underlay all others—the secrecy with which the business of great combinations is conducted. The people, who have granted extraordinary privileges to certain concerns engaged in trade, have a right, he thinks, to know how those privileges are exercised. The Government, charged by the people with the duty of regulating such concerns, has a right to know whether they are transgressing the laws enacted for their regulation. Or, as he has put it himself: "Publicity can do no harm to the honest corporation, and we need not be overtender about sparing the dishonest corporation."

Mr. Roosevelt's appeal to Congress for means with which to deal with the trusts was answered because it had public sentiment behind it. The three measures enacted were not very drastic in effect, and perhaps only tentative in purpose, but they furnished at least a basis for further action. A well-recognized source of trust aggrandizement has always been the favoritism shown to the great manufacturing combinations by the railroad companies that transport their material and products; so one of the new enactments was an amendment to the existing interstate commerce law against rebates, whereby the receiver as well as the giver of a rebate is to be punished. Another provided for the special expedition of the anti-trust suits instituted by the Attorney-General in the courts; the third created the Department of Commerce, with authority, through its bureau of corporations, to procure for the President the information he desired about the business affairs of corporate combinations, leaving to his discretion the amount of this information he shall give to the public.

The whole trust policy of the President in a nutshell is: Enforce such laws as we have now because they are laws, and lay the foundation for the just enforcement of these, and for their modification or improvement wherever necessary, by requiring the great industrial combinations to tell us just what they are doing. It is a simple code. The humblest mind can grasp it, and no hidden meaning or motive lurks behind its plain expression.

I can not leave this subject of trusts and the President's attitude toward them without telling a bit of inside history which I believe has never before seen print. In the winter of 1901-02 Andrew Carnegie carried into execution a long-cherished scheme for establishing an educational foundation which, without being itself a national university, should supplement, under the auspices of the National Government, the work of all universities by affording means for the development of certain lines of scholarly research far past the point to which any existing resources could carry them. The idea appealed to the President strongly when Mr. Carnegie laid it before him. It was the benefactor's purpose to present his fund of $10,000,000, invested in first-lien bonds of the United States Steel Corporation, directly to the Government, the proceeds to be administered by the President, certain members of the Cabinet, and a board of directors comprising several men of eminence in scientific and educational fields.

With his usual enthusiasm for any project that combines patriotism and generosity, Mr.

Roosevelt gave his hearty approval to this plan, and it was on the very eve of going through as originally designed, when a certain long-headed lawyer and warm friend of the President was brought into consultation and at once called a halt.

"Do you realize what you are doing, Mr. President?" he demanded. "If you accept this endowment for the Government of the United States, you make the Government, and incidentally your Administration, an underwriter of the premier securities of the Steel Trust!"

The President saw the point, which till then had escaped his notice, obscured by his admiration of the magnificence of the gift and the public benefit to be derived from it. Mr. Carnegie was sent for, and a readjustment agreed upon, whereby the trusteeship of the fund was vested in an independent board. All that the people at large knew at the time was that a hitch had occurred in the arrangements providing for the administration of the Carnegie fund. In some quarters it was given out by the wiseacres that the Attorney-General had rendered an opinion that the United States could not lawfully accept such a gift. That is absurd. Gifts to the United States are not so very uncommon, and an act of Congress settles all details. But the awkwardness of the position in which the President would have found himself if he had sent a message to Congress recommending the acceptance of this particular gift, and the difficulty of explaining to his critics that there was no connection between his attitude on this subject and Mr. Knox's discrimination between combinations in the enforcement of the anti-trust law, will be appreciated by the reader without comment.

In or about the year 1881, with the economic doctrines emphasized by his university still fresh in his mind, Mr. Roosevelt became a member of the Free-Trade Club in New York. He found there congenial associations, the club consisting largely of educated young men like himself, full of public spirit and ambitious for a share in the world's activities. He remained a member through his entire legislative career. He was still a member when he headed his State delegation to the national convention that nominated Blaine for President; for, although nominally a Republican, he owed the support of his peculiar constituency not so much to any party connection as to his subordination of all partizan considerations to the single standard of respectability in public life.

But when the time came for him to decide whether to remain the first independent in the United States and do what he could in that character, or to exchange a part of his independence for an affiliation which would ultimately open to him a larger field, he took a candid inventory of assets. If he became a straight-out party man, his free-trade interests would have to go the way of his mugwump friendships and his freedom to oppose on the stump any candidate whom he distrusted. To his mind, this phase of the question was economic rather than moral. It involved no choice between right and wrong, but only between two paths leading to the same ultimate goal—an unfettered commerce: the protective policy meant going around by a longer road and living by the way; the free-trade policy meant a short cut, with the rewards and the subsistence all at the end of the journey.

His choice made, Mr. Roosevelt sent in his resignation as a member of the club. This was in 1885. His message contained neither an apology for the step he was taking, nor any trumped-up excuses for his original membership. It was a simple, straightforward statement that he was "a Republican first, a free-trader afterward." In this matter, as in the larger conflicts between the enthusiasms of his youth and the teachings of practical experience, he has come, with the passage of years, to take a more sympathetic view of his party's attitude.

He still remains, however, a tariff reformer within Republican lines. Protection as a policy commands his support; but it never has held, and never can hold, the place of a fetish with him. It must always be a means to an end, not an end in itself. I do not believe he would condemn as a heresy the honest belief of a Republican that the party would be better without the protection clause in its creed. I do not think he would resent a Republican proposal to supplant a prohibitory tariff with a tariff for revenue in which the protective element shall be incidental only. But that does not mean that he would assent to its wisdom, considering always time and occasion. As he has sunk his own preferences in so many respects for the sake of keeping at one with his party, he regards it as only fair that others should be willing to do the same. "We all go up or all go down together" is a favorite political maxim of his, meaning that the first thought of each member of the party should be for the party as a whole and not for any individual interests.

No measure of thoroughgoing tariff revision, for the sake of reducing the burdens of the people directly, has come before Mr. Roosevelt as President to put the fundaments of his economic faith to the test. The only forms in which the question has arisen have been projects for reciprocity arrangements to enlarge our commerce, which he has commended for general business reasons; a special reciprocity treaty with Cuba, which he urged as well because our national honor demands it; and proposals to use tariff reduction as a weapon against the trusts. On this last head, in a speech delivered at Cincinnati in September, 1902, he said:

"A remedy much advocated at the moment is to take off the tariff from all articles which are made by trusts. To do this it will be necessary first to define trusts. The language commonly used by the advocates of this method implies that they mean all articles made by large corporations, and that the changes in tariff are to be made with punitive intent toward these large corporations. Of course, if the tariff is to be changed in order to punish them, it should be changed so as to punish those that do ill, not merely those that are prosperous. If in any case the tariff is found to foster a monopoly which does ill, why, of course, no protectionist would object to a modification of the tariff sufficient to remedy the evil. But in very few cases does the so-called trust really monopolize the market. Take any very big corporation which controls, say, something over half the products of a given industry. Surely, in rearranging the schedules affecting such a big corporation, it would be necessary to consider the interests of its smaller competitors which control the remaining part."

In his annual message to Congress later in the same year he said: "The only relation of the tariff to big corporations as a whole is that the tariff makes manufactures profitable, and the tariff remedy proposed would be in effect simply to make manufactures unprofitable. . . . Our aim should be not by unwise tariff changes to give foreign products the advantage over domestic products, but by proper regulation to give domestic competition a fair chance.

"Stability of economic policy must always be the prime economic need of this country. This stability should not be fossilization. The country has acquiesced in the wisdom of the protective-tariff principle. It is exceedingly undesirable that this system should be destroyed, or that there should be violent and radical changes therein. . . . It is better to endure for a time slight inconveniences and inequalities in some schedules. . . . It is, perhaps, too much to hope that partizanship may be entirely excluded from consideration of the subject, but at least it can be made secondary to the business interests of the country—that is, to the interests of our people as a whole. Unquestionably these business interests will best be served if together with fixity of principle as regards the tariff we combine a system which will permit us from time to time to make the necessary reapplication of the principle to the shifting national needs. . . . There must never be any change which will jeopardize the standard of comfort, the standard of wages, of the American wage-worker."

From these passages may be drawn the gist of the entire matter. Mr. Roosevelt carefully steers clear of any worship of our protective tariff as heaven-born, like most Republican orators, but treats it merely as an artificial device adopted for a purpose. Does it seem unreasonable to assume that when the disturbance of the elections of 1904 has subsided we shall see him heading a movement for tariff revision on the lines he has marked out above? Is he not committed to a non-political, conservative, and well-considered undertaking, in which no special interests shall be favored at the expense of the rest, and none persecuted because they wear an obnoxious title, but in which the whole system shall be treated as if the schedules were made for the people, not the people for the schedules?

No one was ever authorized to expound to the public Mr. Roosevelt's views on the final disposition of the Philippine Islands, beyond the point to which he had carried such an exposition himself. It would therefore be presumptuous, in a volume like this, to do more than set forth the author's individual impressions, together with certain data from which each reader may draw his own inferences. I drew mine in a forecast of the President's general policies published a few days after his installation at the White House, and I can not better introduce the little I have now to say on the subject than by citing a brief extract from that article:

> The Philippine problem can not be solved for Mr. Roosevelt by any one else, nor would it be safe to say that he expects by the end of his three or four years in office to bring this to a definite and final solution. A better statement of his views would doubtless be that in the course of four years the Filipinos can be carried a long distance forward on their way toward self-government.
>
> It is inconceivable that a man of Mr. Roosevelt's moral type would favor the retention of colonies merely for the sake of retaining them, if majorities both of the colonists and of the citizens of the parent country frankly desired a separation; it is equally out of the question for any one who knows the workings of his mind to suppose him in favor of turning such a people as the Filipinos loose upon the sisterhood of nations till they have been instructed in the ways of self-governing commonwealths. He would tell you that he is never an oppressor, always a civilizer; but he would hardly judge a people capable of passing upon the question of their permanent future form of government till they had tested what he regards as the ideal form.

Reviewing this prophetic essay in the light of all that is known now, I do not care to change a single sentence.

The Philippine problem, however easy of solution it may have seemed at first to the advocates of our immediate relinquishment of the islands, bids fair not to be solved for several years to come. It certainly will not during the present administration of President Roosevelt, or the next either—if he have another. There is little reason to suppose that it can be solved during his lifetime. This will account for the fact that we have not on record anywhere an utterance of his which deserves to be called a plan of settlement for this most complex of our national responsibilities.

But of colonies peopled with an alien race, in a latitude where the pure Caucasian can not thrive, and on a side of the globe where they must be always separately defended by the mother country and can never help defend her in return, he expressed his opinion with great candor about two years before the battle of Manila harbor. "At best," said he, "the inhabitants of a colony are in a cramped and unnatural state. At the worst, the establishment of a colony prevents any healthy popular growth. . . . At present the only hope for a colony that wishes to attain full moral and mental growth is to become an independent state or part of an independent state. . . . If the colony is in a region where the colonizing race has to do its work by means of other inferior races the condition is much worse. From the standpoint of the race, little or nothing has been gained by the English conquest and colonization in Jamaica. Jamaica has merely been turned into a negro island, with a future seemingly much like that of San Domingo. British Guiana, however well administered, is nothing but a colony where a few hundred or few thousand white men hold the superior positions, while the bulk of the population is composed of Indians, negroes and Asiatics."

Be it noted that he had chosen for his illustration the extreme case of the best mother of colonies the world ever saw, a country which has stood in the forefront of human civilization longer than any we now know. Obviously, if even she had never been able to rear distant colonies to the normal stature of her own people, no other nation—particularly one untrained to the business, and with a form of government which does not lend itself readily to such a change—seemed likely to succeed. Does not this view tally pretty well with his declaration in his Minneapolis speech of September 2, 1901: "We are not trying to subjugate a people—we are trying to develop them and make them a law-abiding, industrious and educated people, and, we hope, ultimately a self-governing people"?

And we hear an echo of the same sentiment in his first message to Congress, three months later: "In dealing with the Philippine people we must show both patience and strength, forbearance and steadfast resolution. Our aim is high. We do not desire to do for the islanders merely what has elsewhere been done for tropic peoples by even the best foreign governments. We hope to do for them what has never before been done for any people of the tropics—to make them fit for self-government after the fashion of the really free nations."

Keeping these arguments in mind, let us pass to his next message, where we find him saying: "On July 4th last, the one hundred and twenty-sixth anniversary of the Declaration, peace and amnesty were promulgated in the Philippine Islands. . . . Civil government has now been introduced. Not only does each Filipino enjoy such rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness as he has never before known during the recorded history of the islands, but the people, taken as a whole, now enjoy a measure of self-government greater than that granted to any other Orientals by any foreign power, and greater than that enjoyed by any other Orientals under their own governments, save the Japanese alone. We have not gone too far in granting these rights of liberty and self-government; but we have certainly gone to the limit that in the interest of the Philippine people themselves it was wise or just to go. To hurry matters, to go faster than we are now going, would entail calamity on the people of the islands."

"But how," cry his critics, "can the President's stated assurances that he is working toward the end of complete self-government by the people of the Philippines be reconciled with his informal approval, from time to time, of references to our permanent retention of the islands?" Personally, I have never heard or read a word of his that showed his expectation of permanent retention. His saying which is most widely quoted by the advocates of that idea is the conclusion of a speech to the Sons of the American Revolution in May, 1902, when a loud burst of applause had greeted his tribute to the courage and endurance of the American soldiers in suppressing the insurrection and restoring peace: "I thank you, fellow Americans. I think you make it evident that you intend that the flag shall 'stay put'!"

Can this single phrase, called forth as described, be fairly cited as proof that he favors our occupation of the Philippines forever? It is a favorite sentimental declaration of a certain class of patriots that the American flag, once hoisted over a piece of territory, can never be lowered without dishonor; but Mr. Roosevelt is aware, and has reminded such enthusiasts, that the flag has been hoisted and lowered again and again with entire credit to itself and the country, and that it will probably undergo this experience again and again in the future. To have failed to lower it in Cuba would have put the stamp of eternal dishonor upon the United States, and no one was more vigorously insistent on this point than Mr. Roosevelt himself when the annexationists were trying to undermine our upright policy in quitting the island after our work there was finished.

What the President does try to impress upon his countrymen is that the flag, once planted anywhere in accordance with the laws of war or a peaceful compact, shall never be forcibly hauled down by an element hostile to the principles it represents. This rule he would apply equally against an external enemy or a domestic insurgent. According to the creed of the party of which he stands at the head, the authority of our Government is righteously established and now maintained in the Philippines. On this theory it makes no difference, for present purposes, whether we intend to continue it there till the end of time, or to relinquish it at the first honorable opportunity; the fact that it was there made it incumbent on the Federal authorities to put down everything which savored of rebellion by the natives subject to American sovereignty, just as they would promptly crush out any disorder on the part of the foreign residents, no matter to what power these owed allegiance and looked for protection.

"One thing at a time" has always been Mr. Roosevelt's motto, and that one is the thing that lies next the hand. While the reign of bloodshed continued in the Philippines, the next thing was the suppression of the insurrection by the sharpest and therefore the shortest campaigning of which the army was capable. When the insurrection proper subsided and the reign of brigandage set in, the next thing was the exertion of all the strength of the Philippine civil government, backed by the military forces where necessary, to restore order. Wherever the conditions of peace have been established and the operation of the laws is no longer obstructed, the next thing is the education of the people in enlightened citizenship. This probably will be the longest of the series of evolutionary processes. Where it will end, or when it will reach a stage at which a new question can be raised without confusion—the question of independence—God knows.

CHAPTER XVI

A CREATURE OF IMPULSE

Sudden whim or quick judgment?—How the coal arbitration was set afoot—The franchise tax—A Jew-baiting campaign flattened out—Vigorous indorsement on a pardon petition.

MANY persons who come into only superficial contact with Mr. Roosevelt complain that he acts on impulse always, instead of considering a proposition. Their opinion may have a modicum of truth in it. My own experience with him, however, has led me to believe that his acts are never responsive to a mere blind whim, but are thought out at lightning speed. Two facts must be kept in view in judging of his rapid action: first, he does not always carry his consideration of a question of conduct so far as his best friends wish he would, for, when he has decided what is the course to take, in most cases he leaves the consequences entirely out of account; second, he has formed the habit, from his early youth, of following decision with action without the needless loss of a moment. His motto is: "Do it now!"

While he was in college a horse in a stable near his lodgings made a loud noise one night that showed the poor beast to be in trouble—probably cast in the stall and choking to death. The note of alarm awakened a half dozen kind-hearted neighbors, who hastened to the rescue as soon as they could draw on clothes enough for decency and descend from their sleeping-rooms. They were in time only to lend a hand at the finish. Young Roosevelt had got to the spot already and relieved the first necessities of the horse. The promptness of his response was due to the fact that he had come as he was —clad in nothing but a night-shirt—and had dropped out of a second-story window to save the time of going down-stairs and through the house to the back door.

In the summer of 1902, I went to him with the suggestion that, even if he did not feel justified yet in interfering in the coal strike and trying to ward off a national calamity, he could at least acquaint himself with the facts of the situation so as to be ready to act promptly when the time came.

"Who is the man to get me the facts?" he demanded, without a moment's hesitancy.

"Carroll D. Wright," I answered, having

already prepared myself for the question, and citing my authority from the Revised Statutes.

"Find out for me whether he is in the city."

With what I fondly fancied was speed, I made my way to Commissioner Wright's office. His secretary told me he was at Marblehead Neck, Mass. "We answered a telephone inquiry of the same sort a few minutes ago," he added. "The President wanted his address, and in haste."

I ran back to the White House only to find that a telegram had already gone to Mr. Wright, calling him to Washington for a conference. Thus quick was Mr. Roosevelt to act upon an idea which appealed to him on its first statement. Mr. Wright's report set in motion the train of events leading up to the arbitration of the strike.

Mr. Roosevelt always seems to be in a hurry, as soon as his mind is made up, to let the world know what he is going to do. But for this very reason I have never agreed with the commentators who describe him as a man of dramatic surprises. A dramatic surprise, as I understand the term, is one in which the curtain is suddenly lifted on a completed fact. The theatrical element is dissipated by long heralding, and Mr.

Roosevelt often sounds his warning a good while before he acts. His decision in Collector Bidwell's case became public in October, though the change was not to be made till the following spring. The announcement that Pension-Commissioner Evans was to be transferred to some other office was given out about April 1, 1902, though the new place for him was not found till May, and Mr. Ware was not named as his successor till still later. It was as early as July of the same year that news came from Oyster Bay that Augustus T. Wimberley was to retire from the Collectorship of Customs at New Orleans, although his current commission would not expire till December.

These are a few notable instances chosen from a multitude. My own explanation of such premature announcements is that they serve a twofold purpose: they stop empty guessing and gossip, and they head off a great many importunities from professional office-seekers. Once in a while, too, they operate like marriage bans, encouraging all who have anything to say against the proposed change to say it and have done. The advance advertisement of his intentions has thus, to my certain knowledge, saved the President once from giving an important office to a chronic drunkard, and once from appointing a negro-lyncher in the South.

Now and then we hear stories of Mr. Roosevelt's sudden and impulsive change of purpose, which on analysis lead back merely to one of his tricks of speech. In conversation, if he is at all interested, his mind keeps leaping ahead, and forecasting the conclusions aimed at by his companion before the latter has fairly finished the major premise. This habit, by the way, often gets him into trouble when he is talking with men who are not familiar with his ways. His statement of another's conclusion, even with an indication of interest in it, does not mean that he accepts it himself. When he accompanies it with an ejaculation like, "Just so," or "I see," the comparative stranger is apt to confuse mere quick apprehension with cordial approval.

This will account for the occasional appearance in the press of some announcement that the President purposes doing so-and-so, followed promptly by a refutation, although the original news was evidently published in good faith and on reputable authority. No one is more astonished than Mr. Roosevelt when one of these false reports gets into circulation. He has no conception of his share in its authorship.

Another of his tricks of speech akin to this, but a trick merely, is that of echoing with assent a remark made by a companion, but inserting into his own version a qualifying word or phrase which, as his speech is very rapid, only an equally rapid sense is likely to catch. For example, "The plan I have suggested is the only one open to us in this exigency," remarks a visiting Congressman. "I quite agree with you," answers the President: "the plan you have suggested is almost the only one open to us in this exigency." Then the Congressman hastens away to spread the news that he has induced the President to adopt his plan. He is astounded when the President denies it. The President is equally astounded that the Congressman should have made such a statement. He had spoken in all sincerity when he indorsed the spirit of the Congressman's remark first and modified its phraseology so slightly afterward.

"Smith is the best man in the whole batch for District-Attorney," remarks a Senator, after going through a pile of application papers at the White House. "You are quite right," assents the President: "in most respects, Smith is the best man in the batch." But later that day the President concludes that "most respects" do not include the one respect which he is specially trying to meet in that selection; so he decides upon Jones, who does fill the bill in that particular, though he may not in others. The Senator, who has meanwhile informed Smith's friends that their man is sure of appointment, goes about like a roaring lion when he hears of Jones's good fortune, alleging that the President has changed his mind without warning. As a matter of fact, the Senator was simply misled by his own ear, and the wish that was father to the thought.

Some of his critics who lay to his impulsiveness everything in him which excites no responsive thrill in themselves, charged to that trait Mr. Roosevelt's tactics as Governor, in pressing the corporation franchise tax bill. The trouble with this criticism is that it is based on a short memory. For years before he became Governor Mr. Roosevelt had insisted that one of the weak points in our American practise of government was the State's willingness to give away valuable assets which in any private business transaction would command a great price. This fact seems to have been generally forgotten, or else the professional politicians assumed that, like themselves, Mr. Roosevelt had one set of ideas for the consumption of his friends and for discreet campaign use, and another set to govern his actual practise when the opportunity arrived. At any rate, as soon as it was discovered that he really intended to embody his views in a message to the Legislature, and urge the enactment of a law taxing the monopolistic franchises of corporations, the Republican State machine remonstrated.

No such promise had been made in the party platform, argued the leaders. "More's the pity," responded the Governor; "it was a sad oversight, but I'll try to make it good." The corporations have always come down liberally when the campaign hat has been passed, argued the leaders. "If you mean that they thought they were buying the Republican party," responded the Governor, "it is high time that we should undeceive them." The corporations deserve just as much consideration as any one else at the hands of the State, argued the leaders. "And, conversely, are under just as great obligations to the State," responded the Governor; "that's why I'm trying to even things up." There is great danger that when untrained legislators or assessors undertake a specialty like the valuation of franchises, they will blunder, argued the leaders. "Then we'll call in the experts to help us frame our bill or trim it into shape," responded the Governor; "we'll have hearings for the corporations, and they will be represented by the best talent their means can command."

It was easy enough to have a bill introduced at the beginning of the session—the framework of a measure which could be improved and finished at leisure; but when this presently stuck fast in a committee pigeonhole, how was it to be got out? It was easy enough to invite the corporations to come forward and be heard, but who could compel them to accept?

The newspapers made a sensational spread on the news. Some warned the corporations that now was their time to move upon the Governor before he had his fighting blood aroused. Others, perhaps a majority, treated the matter as if it were one of Mr. Roosevelt's so-called theatrical outbursts which would soon pass and be forgotten. The corporations shrugged their shoulders and said nothing.

After the Governor had talked to a good many of the legislators, he reached the conclusion that some influence was at work against him under the surface. Whether it was a corporation lobby, or the party machine, or both, was hard to make out. He did not waste a great deal of time trying to analyze the obstruction himself, but made up his mind to apply the solvent of an aroused popular sentiment. The end of the session was at hand, and under the State Constitution the only way he could get that bill before the Legislature was by a special message declaring the business urgent. He wrote the message. It was pretty temperate in tone, but contained, as his messages usually do, a very plain statement of facts. It was intercepted and "lost" on its way to the Legislature.

The Governor was not satisfied with the explanation of its disappearance, so he prepared a duplicate and sent it in at once. This time he took precautions to see that it got safely into the hands of the Speaker of the Assembly, with a warning that if it were not read from the Speaker's desk, another copy would be read by a member on the floor. It was read from the desk. The laggard committeemen, rather than brave the chance of being skinned alive in the next campaign, voted the bill out. The members of both houses, actuated by the same patriotic motive, decided to let it come up for passage; enough of them voted "aye" to pass it, and the Legislature adjourned.

Then the corporations ceased to shrug their shoulders and began to stir around. They sent in their belated acceptances of the Governor's invitation, and asked to be heard. "Certainly," was his cheerful answer, "I'll hear you with pleasure. Why didn't you speak before?"

Of course, they didn't like the bill as it stood. "Well," said the Governor, "I don't know that I am entirely satisfied with it myself, but it was the best we could do under the circumstances."

"Then you won't sign it? You will postpone the whole business till next session and try again?" pleaded the corporations.

"One proposition at a time, gentlemen," said the Governor. "I'm willing to recommend any proper amendments at the next session, but meanwhile—well, you know the old proverb about the bird in the hand? I've tried all winter to get a bill; now that I've got one I don't think I'd better let it slip away from me. I'll sign this bill, and then I'll sign any amendments passed next winter that commend themselves to my judgment."

"But next winter is some distance away," the corporations persisted. "In the meantime the law will have gone into operation and irreparable damage been done. Let this bill drop, and call an extra session to pass one that will be fair all around. We'll help you."

"If you really mean that," said the Governor, "I will split the difference with you. I will sign this bill: that secures us something, in any event. Then I'll convene an extra session, and we can work together for such modifications as would be just and right."

Seeing that he was not to be cajoled, the pleaders withdrew. He was as good as his word. The extra session met, some changes were made in the act, but not so radical as the corporations wished. "We'll fight your law in the courts," they thundered. "By all means," he answered imperturbably; "then we'll find out which side is right, and the next legislation we put through will avoid any mistakes the courts discover in this."

The entire incident may have been, as the critics charge, the fruit of an impulsive temperament insufficiently controlled; but most common folk will fancy that they can detect traces of deliberation and method in it. So they will in the Ahlwardt episode.

Dr. Ahlwardt, the German anti-Semitic agitator, visited the United States in 1895. Mr. Roosevelt was then Police Commissioner in New York. When it was advertised that Ahlwardt was coming to that city to make a public address on his favorite subject, a number of the anti-Semites who had joined in this invitation were startled by a sudden thought, and hastened to Police Headquarters to assure themselves that their guest would be protected from violence. They carried their application to the President of the Board.

"What are you afraid of?" asked Mr. Roosevelt.

"Dr. Ahlwardt is often very bitter in his expressions," they answered. "The Jews may assemble at the hall and mob him."

"That's nonsense," said the Commissioner; "there are no more peaceable citizens in New York than the Jews."

"But we should feel better satisfied if you would give the Doctor a special guard of police on the evening of the lecture," urged the deputation. "Their appearance in the hall would awe the intending rioters."

"Go home and ease your minds," said Mr. Roosevelt. "Dr. Ahlwardt shall have a special guard of police, and it will be the most impressive-looking body of men on the force."

His visitors withdrew, with many expressions of gratitude which he received with a significant smile. He had already formed his plan, and sent for an inspector who was noted for his familiarity with the personnel of the rank and file.

"I wish a list made of thirty good, trusty, intelligent men, all Jews," said the Commissioner. "Don't bother yourself to hunt up their religious antecedents; take those who have the most pronounced Hebrew physiognomy—the stronger their ancestral marking the better. When you have selected the detail, order them to report to me in a body."

On the arrival of the Jewish officers, Mr. Roosevelt lined them up before him for scrutiny. The inspector had done his work thoroughly. A more Hebraic group of Hebrews probably never were gathered in one small room. St. Paul's Epistle could not have got past that open door if it had been shot out of a catapult.

"Now," said the Commissioner, as he surveyed the line with satisfaction gleaming through his big gold spectacles, "I am going to assign you men to the most honorable service you have ever done—the protection of an enemy, and the defense of religious liberty and free speech in the chief city of the United States. You all know who and what Dr. Ahlwardt is. I am going to put you in charge of the hall where he lectures, and hold you responsible for perfect good order there throughout the evening. I have no more sympathy with Jew-baiting than you have. But this is a country where your people are free to think and speak and act as they choose in religious matters, as long as you do not interfere with the peace and comfort of your neighbors, and Dr. Ahlwardt is entitled to the same privilege. It should be your pride to see that he is protected in it; that will be the finest way of showing your appreciation of the liberty you yourselves enjoy under the American flag."

Imagine the feelings of Dr. Ahlwardt's supporters when they went to the hall on the evening of his address prepared for a disturbance, but found planted like pillars at the doors, and caryatids inside, an array of police with features, coloring and accent that showed them to belong to the very race against whom the speaker was to declaim. There were Jews in the audience, too; but, whatever their impulse, their colleagues in uniform set them an example of perfect outward equanimity and self-control which could not pass unappreciated. Only one spectator ventured to interrupt the proceedings; before he had had a chance to state which side he was on, he was suppressed by a stalwart officer with a rarely characteristic profile, and hustled ignominiously into the street.

The rest of the show was as placid as a millpond. The most disappointed man in New York that night undoubtedly was the orator himself, who was so used to rousing his hearers to frenzy that he missed the inspiration of his customary turmoil. The quiet which reigned everywhere operated as a cold douche not only on that meeting, but on the entire anti-Semitic program mapped out for Ahlwardt's visit.

Before leaving this subject, I ought to say that I do recall one case of "hot impulse" which perhaps deserves the designation. A low creature in the form of a man had been convicted in a Western State of unlawful use of the mails. Although well educated, worthily married, with a family growing up about him, he had led astray a young girl—scarcely more than a child in maturity—and then had written to her explicit instructions how to hide her shame by following folly with crime. The court had imposed a sentence of two years' imprisonment upon him. He had appealed, but without effect, as the conviction was securely based.

Before he had been in the penitentiary a month his friends got up a petition for his pardon, and succeeded in inducing ten of the twelve jurors to sign it. The memorial set forth that "up to the time of his conviction," which of course included the period while he was committing his offenses, he had been "a man of good moral character and standing in the community"; that a family was dependent upon him for support; that he had already been punished enough, and that his behavior in prison had been exemplary. On the other hand, the judge who tried the case, though consenting to let the petition go to the President, declared that the evidence showed that the fellow had been a "calculating debaucher of female virtue and a wilful and corrupt perjurer"; while the District Attorney added that the trial had proved the defendant to have taken advantage of his victim "in a most shocking manner," and that there was "not a single redeeming feature in his case and absolutely nothing that would tend to excuse him or excite sympathy."

Yet this brute was able to command the assistance of a multitude of the best citizens in the community where he had formerly lived, and the services of the entire Congressional delegation from his State to work for his pardon. This final card was expected to prove the winning one, and it was played for its full effect; for the State would be needed by Mr. Roosevelt in the campaign of 1904, and its Senators and Representatives would have a share in the convention that was expected to nominate him to succeed himself.

The President scowled harder and harder as he read the pardon papers through. When he had finished the last one, he set his teeth, jabbed his pen into the ink with such force as almost to bend its nibs, and scribbled an indorsement on the petition, of which the conclusion ran thus:

"I sincerely regret it is not in my power materially to increase the sentence of this scoundrel. THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

CHAPTER XVII

THE MAN OF MANY PARTS

A marvel of versatility—Spoiling an embryo naturalist—Perils of an emphatic style—Masterful manners—Mr. Roosevelt's work as an author—Method of composition—His newspaper reading.

ELSEWHERE I have referred to Mr. Roosevelt's many-sided quality. Even at long range this characteristic is observable, as shown by the skit in an English periodical which greeted his accession to the Presidency:

> A smack of Lord Cromer, Jeff Davis a touch of him;
> A little of Lincoln, but not very much of him;
> Kitchener, Bismarck, and Germany's Will,
> Jupiter, Chamberlain, Buffalo Bill.

In all his varied characters he has been, and is, a marvel of energy. "A steam-engine in trousers" was what Senator Foraker dubbed him. "A volcano of electricity" was the phrase devised by the Populist Judge Doster, of Kansas. "Theodore the Sudden" was another title that stuck for a time. One of his biographers describes him in an introductory paragraph as "that amiable and gifted author, legislator, field-sportsman, soldier, reformer and executive."

This is a pretty good postscript for one man's name, but it is not a complete catalogue, for in the making of a popular leader was undoubtedly spoiled a very good natural scientist. The most conspicuous ornaments of his room in college were skins and stuffed animals. His birds he mounted himself. Live insects and reptiles were always in evidence in his study; his chums tell a funny story of a scene when he accidentally let loose on the floor of a Boston street-car a bundle of lobsters he was carrying to his rooms in Cambridge for dissection; and some of the other occupants of his lodging-house were thrown into a panic one day on confronting in an upper corridor an enormous tortoise which a friend had sent him from the South Seas, and which had escaped from his boot-closet and started for the bath-room in search of water. His graduating paper was an essay on natural history.

The late "Tom" Reed of Maine, although full of appreciation of Roosevelt's sturdy virtues, could not repress a bit of irony now and then at the expense of his peculiarities. "If there is one thing more than another for which I admire you, Theodore," he said once, "it is your original discovery of the Ten Commandments." This shot, of course, was aimed at Mr. Roosevelt's impressive way of stating well-settled and familiar truths in argument. But that trick of speech is not more characteristic than another, which I have never seen mentioned in any of the printed sketches of him. His love of fair dealing forbids his leaving a proposition half-stated, waiting for comment or questions from some interested party to draw out the rest, but moves him always to adjust the equilibrium at the outset.

For example, he never writes a line to defend his negro policy because it is simple justice to the negro, without adding that it will prove the best possible thing for the white man also in the long run. The civilized public thoroughly enjoyed his recent letter on the atrocities of lynch law, apropos of the frequency with which negroes were burned at the stake for the most hideous of crimes; but they had to read with it some equally wholesome comments on the crime itself and the punishment it deserved. His speeches on the right of labor to organize for its own protection have always been coupled with a reminder that this right does not justify the commission of violence of any sort; and when his Trust policy had exposed him to attack as an enemy of capital, his answer was: "We shall find it necessary to shackle cunning as in the past we have shackled force." In telling an audience of something which he had done for a Catholic because the Catholic was a victim of religious proscription in the community where he lived, he took pains to add that he would have done just the same thing for a Protestant if the local situation had been reversed.

This is an admirable practise in most cases, because it insures a well-balanced instead of one-sided presentation of any subject. But now and then the equilibrizing process seems to have been dragged in, as it were, from pure force of habit, and then it mars the best effect of what Mr. Roosevelt has to say; as where, in expressing the sorrow of the American people for the death of Queen Victoria, he adopted the cautious prelude: "In view of the sympathy shown by the late Queen Victoria with our loss in the death of President McKinley," etc. And his description of the explosion of a Spanish shell among a group of his Rough Riders, resulting in the death of "a singularly gallant young Harvard fellow, Stanley Hollister," is rendered almost bathetic by the next sentence: "An equally gallant young fellow from Yale, Theodore Miller, had already been mortally wounded."

Most men who have been in his position are famous for some single sentence, terse in itself and forcefully applicable to the exigency in which it was used. Mr. Roosevelt's name is associated with several such. Still, one who is familiar with his habit of speech might wonder whether he would not have lengthened Grant's "Let no guilty man escape" by an appendix, "but guard equally the innocent"; and changed Cleveland's "Tell the truth" into "Tell both sides."

The gift of ready expression with which Mr. Roosevelt is endowed by nature has hurt rather than helped what might have been an uncommonly good style. In both speaking and writing he knows what he wishes to say, and says it without hesitancy or reserve. But he has a positive genius for epigram and satire, and the possessor of such a faculty is apt to be led into extremes in speech. Mr. Roosevelt fairly lives in an atmosphere of superlatives. He will speak of a "perfectly good man with a perfectly honest motive," where all that he intends to say is that the man is well-meaning. He is "delighted" where most of us are pleased. The latest visitor is "just the very man I wanted to see," and "nothing I have heard in a long time has interested me so much" as the passing bit of information.

Because of this habit of extreme expression I am sometimes asked whether I consider the President a fair judge of men. I should assent with the reservation: when he takes time to weigh his first suggestions. His danger lies in two facts: first, his own natural candor, which leads him to accept a man of aggressive mien at face value but makes him suspicious of hesitancy of manner; second, the enormous variety of human types he has met in the course of his wanderings, and the amount of good he has found under many unpromising exteriors, so that the keenness of his original impressions has been somewhat dulled. He has a sanguine temperament, and would rather find a stranger a "good fellow" than not, and the right sort of an introduction often prepares the way for a kindly judgment.

On the other hand, I recall one case where he refused to be reconciled to the presence of a certain holdover in office, and the only reason he vouchsafed for his dislike was: "I had him in here the other day to ask him some questions, and he tried to doddle with me." Knowing the obnoxious officer as I did, I understood the phrase perfectly; and when I ran the matter down I found that his offending consisted in his hesitation to answer certain questions which he thought, in the interest of good discipline, ought to be asked of the head of his department rather than of himself.

While not a martinet in ordinary matters, Mr. Roosevelt can exercise the iron rule of a despot on occasion. He will accept no excuse from officers of high rank and education in either arm of the war service, when they persist in squabbling to the scandal of their associates and the demoralization of the rank and file. The Miles-Corbin feud was still lingering when he became President. He brought his fist down with the order, "Stop it!" and it stopped. General Miles passed some unnecessary comments on the Sampson-Schley controversy, of which the public had already had a nauseating dose; he was rebuked at once, and in a manner which showed that the President meant to adopt more serious measures if the General did not heed his first admonition. Two rear-admirals of the navy who, at the close of the court of inquiry in the same case, took exception to the mildness of the findings, received something as near a reprimand as the law would permit the President to administer except as the result of a trial. Edgar Stanton Maclay, an employee in the Brooklyn navy-yard who had written a history denouncing Schley as a caitiff and a coward, and something little short of a traitor, was dismissed summarily from his position. But when Schley's partizans in Congress let it come to the President's ears that they thought of introducing a resolution flattering their hero and reflecting on his enemies, the President let it come to their ears in return that he should veto the resolution in a message which might result in mortification for somebody.

No stated communications passed between the White House and the Capitol; there were no face-to-face consultations; everything was conducted in the same informal manner on the President's part as on that of the Congressmen, so that no one could complain afterward of threats or other unbecoming compulsions. But he gave them distinctly to understand that for decency's sake he had himself abstained from doing anything to keep alive this unfortunate quarrel; that he had treated both sides with equal justice throughout; and that he was resolved to throttle any attempt to drag him further into the matter, or to prolong public discussion of it to the damage of an honorable service. That ended the folly. To muster a two-thirds vote aganist a veto by a highly popular President, issued in behalf of peace, was more of a task than the authors of the proposed resolution cared to tackle. With their retirement from the field the Sampson-Schley controversy, which had been carried on continuously for three and one-half years, passed out of sight in a single night—and forever, as all good citizens will devoutly hope.

All his life he has been taking up lines of work which other men have followed, but hunting for something to do there which they have overlooked. As Assistant Secretary he found everything in the naval establishment at loose ends, so that the head of the department could not have acted quickly and on accurate information in case of war. For example, the latest revised list purporting to show the names, capacity, and size of crews of the merchant vessels which could be drafted into the auxiliary navy if needed, contained the names of three ships which had been destroyed or lost since the report was made up, although one of these disasters had filled whole pages of newspaper space about the time of its occurrence. The fact that such antiquated data had been allowed to remain among the live records of the department showed that it had been made nobody's special business to keep the list abreast of the times.

This and similar discoveries led Mr. Roosevelt to order a general cleaning-up and the preparation of a complete property list. His plan aroused much criticism, nevertheless, both in and out of the service. Inside, it devolved extra hard duty for a while upon the clerical force in Washington and at the naval stations; outside, it smacked of jingoism because it could not be done in secret, and from the news that the United States navy was getting into condition for war the natural inference was that war was expected. Yet throughout the period of greatest activity, and though absolutely convinced in his own mind that war was coming and coming soon, Mr. Roosevelt lost no opportunity to discourage "war talk" among his subordinates. He would submit to no newspaper interviews on the subject himself, and in every way did what he could to allay popular excitement. Only with his associates in the Government, or in company where he felt that his confidence would be respected, would he discuss his private views.

A characteristic story is told of his insistence on constant target practise in the navy. Early in his administration he asked for and received an extraordinarily large appropriation for ammunition. A few months later he called for another. This startled Congress. Questioned as to what had become of his first fund, he answered: "Every cent of it has been spent for powder and shot, and every bit of powder and shot has been fired." And when asked what he intended doing with the additional amount: "I shall use every dollar of that, too, within the next thirty days in practise shooting. That's what ammunition is made for—to burn."

His impatience of red tape was a standing topic of comment at the department. The bureaucrats who surrounded him there were never able to understand why they should not be permitted to go on as they had, doing things by rote, no matter how much time might be consumed thereby to no purpose. One committee which had met with him daily for a week, and adjourned every afternoon without making any discernible progress, left him pacing the floor. "To-morrow," said one of the party as they went out, "we can do so-and-so."

"To-morrow!" echoed Mr. Roosevelt, halting and gritting his teeth. "Gentlemen, if Noah had had to consult such a committee as this about building his ark, it wouldn't have been built yet!"

No book about Theodore Roosevelt would be complete, of course, without at least a reference to his work as an author. As I have attempted in this volume no more serious task than the grouping of a few personal recollections and impressions, I must leave anything like criticism of his literary enterprises, or even a comprehensive bibliography, to other hands. Suffice it here to say that his chief activities in this field are represented by his "Naval War of 1812," which deserves mention by itself because it has always been regarded as the standard text-book on its subject, though published within two years of his graduation from Harvard; "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman"; biographies of Thomas Hart Benton, Gouverneur Morris and Oliver Cromwell; "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail"; "The Winning of the West," which ranks next to his story of 1812 as a monumental history; "The Wilderness Hunter"; "New York"; "The Rough Riders"; and collections of essays entitled "American Ideals" and "The Strenuous Life."

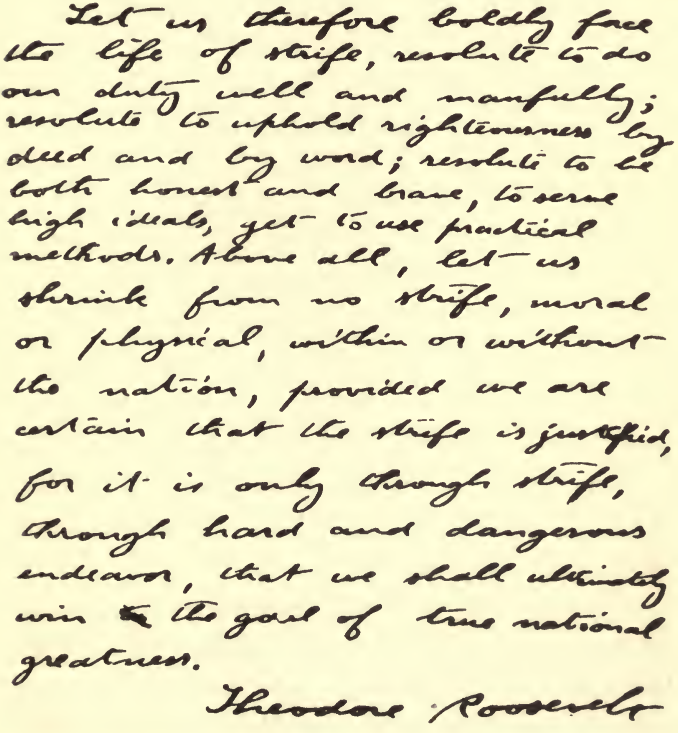
Besides these, he has produced several minor works, and collaborated as author, compiler and editor of composite volumes on historical and sporting topics. Although he realizes the value and popularity of many of his publications, he tells with glee of a visit he once paid to a book-store in Idaho where he had noticed a copy of his "Winning of the West" in the window. Falling into conversation with the proprietor, he motioned with his thumb toward the history, inquiring with feigned curiosity: "Who is this man Roosevelt?"

"Oh," was the answer, "he's a ranch-driver up in the cattle country."

"What's your opinion of his work?"

The dealer hesitated a moment and then remarked, meditatively: "Well, I've always thought I'd like to meet the author and tell him that if he'd stuck to running ranches and not

A SPECIMEN PAGE



Let us therefore boldly face the life of strife, resolute to do our duty well and manfully; resolute to uphold righteousness by deed and by word; resolute to be both honest and brave, to serve high ideals, yet to use practical methods. Above all, let us shrink from no strife, moral or physical, within or without the nation, provided we are certain that the strife is justified, for it is only through strife, through hard and dangerous endeavor, that we shall ultimately win ~~to~~ the goal of true national greatness.

Theodore Roosevelt

CLOSING PARAGRAPH OF THE PRESIDENT'S ESSAY ON "THE STRENUOUS LIFE," IN HIS OWN HANDWRITING.

tried to write books, he'd have cut a heap bigger figure at his trade."

Mr. Roosevelt's methods in writing are his own. They are bound to be, if he would write at all; for a man who between necessity and choice spends so much of his time in the company of others, would stand a poor chance as a maker of books if he were obliged to seclude himself for several hours a day behind barred doors in his study. Fortunately for him and for the reading public, he has a faculty lacking in authors generally—the ability to halt a piece of literary work anywhere, go about other business, and then return to his composition and take up its threads where he had let them fall, never sacrificing his continuity of thought or rhetorical construction.

Most of his original composing is done on his feet, pacing up and down the room and dictating to a stenographer. He does not even see how his periods hang together till they have been reduced to typewritten form and the sheets laid upon his desk. Then, when an interval of reduced tension comes, his eye falls upon the manuscript and lingers there. If he is conversing, the closing words of the next sentence are uttered in a dreamy tone and die away almost with a drawl, as his glance sweeps across the uppermost page on the pile and he sidles absent-mindedly into his seat and bends over the table. His left hand lifts the top sheet while the right gropes for a pen, and in a moment the author is quite buried in his work, annotating between the lines as he reads.

The friend who is with him probably respects his mood and subsides into a sofa-corner, or warms his hands before the fire, or amuses himself at the window till the first force of absorption has spent itself and Mr. Roosevelt lifts his head to remark, "Now, here is where I believe I have made a point never before brought out," and proceeds to read aloud a passage and descant upon it. If this impromptu enlargement transcends certain bounds, the speaker is on his feet again in an instant and pacing the floor as he talks. Sentence follows sentence from his lips like shots from the muzzle of a magazine-gun—all well-timed and well-aimed in spite of their swiftness of utterance. The chances are that one of them will recoil to impress its author afresh with its aptness, and back he will sidle into the vacant chair to put that idea into visible form with his pen and wedge it in between two others.

Next to describing a hunting adventure or painting an historical picture—for that is his style as a chronicler rather than parading a sequence of names and dates and events—his greatest fondness is for reviewing books, and his services are in constant demand. I have rarely seen him engaged in this line of composition with the subject of his review bodily before him, though it is usually in the hands of his copyist with certain paragraphs marked for insertion in his manuscript. But he knows the book from a single reading, accomplished in less time than it would take most of us to struggle through twenty pages.

As a reader, his mind operates almost like the automatic counter in a mint: to what it wants, or expects to find, it seems to be guided by unerring instinct; the rest it rejects quite as swiftly and surely. To watch him read a book, it appears as if he were merely running his eye down so many margins in a dictionary, to catch a title here and there of which he is especially in search. This method is probably the fruit of many years' experience in a variety of fields. As the old mariner knows how to scan a log without waste of time, and the trained scientist understands what to ignore as familiar and what to exploit as a fresh discovery, so the intelligence of this many-sided man responds magnetically to the presence of a new idea or a particularly vigorous presentation of an old one.

He reads a newspaper article, by the way, in much the same manner, though naturally with still greater swiftness. Flash—boom—and his shot has struck the very central thought in a column of one thousand words. In thirty years' observation of exchange-readers in newspaper offices, I have never seen anything to approach his celerity. Moreover, the answer to the argument, or the refutation of the charge, is out almost in the same breath that voices the closing sentence from the type.

And speaking of newspapers, no misapprehension is more wide-spread than that Mr. Roosevelt is given to newspaper reading. On the contrary, his indulgence in this practise is sparing beyond that of almost any public man I have ever known. If he is doing something which is likely to create excitement in a certain neighborhood, he may direct one of his clerks to watch the comments of the local press and bring him any that are particularly trenchant. He has occasionally subscribed to a clippings bureau. But this is about as far as he goes.

He does not object to criticism, as such. Even ridicule is welcome, if it be founded on fact and witty in form. The pictorial caricature is his delight, which is not dampened by the fact that it may make him appear as a mere effigy composed of slouch-hat, top-boots, knotted neckerchief, glistening spectacles and tombstone teeth. The one thing he can not endure in print is a falsehood about himself. An editorial attack which assumes such a falsehood as true without inquiry, or which turns upon an obviously deliberate misconstruction of his words or acts, comes next in order as an incentive to his wrath. The force of the explosion which follows depends upon circumstances, but it is safe to count on the explosion every time.

CHAPTER XVIII

SOME CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS

Horsemanship and hard tramps—The family man at home—Rollicking with the children—A champion of chaste living—White House hospitalities—The religious life of the President.

"DID you go into literature with a view to making it your profession?" inquired an interviewer who had worked his way into Mr. Roosevelt's library and found it about equally devoted to books, pictures, stuffed game and live pets.

"No," answered the host, "I went into it because I liked it."

"Did you not take the usual course of poetry, fiction, essays and criticism?"

"No, I studied American history and hunting—especially big game."

"Then you do not care a great deal for our modern literature of psychological analysis?"

"I should care a great deal more for a first-rate American literature of outdoor sports. But I don't include among sports mere attendance at a horse-race, for instance; the only kind I am interested in are those in which men take an active part themselves."

This did not mean that he was indifferent to horses. From his cowboy days he has always had a lively taste for riding, and his steed must be one of spirit or he will have none of it. Soon after he became President he wished to add a few good saddle-horses to his stable, and commissioned an acquaintance to find them. The person thus honored was duly impressed with the gravity of the task, for it would never do, of course, to let a President of the United States break his neck. So he selected two animals distinguished as much for their dignity of deportment as their excellence of pedigree, and sent them to the White House. The President ordered them out for trial. The first horse caracoled about with grace and precision, as if accustomed to being ridden in a procession; the second began by taking little mincing steps, and, when goaded by main force into a gallop and put at a three-foot hurdle, meekly stopped and smelt of the obstruction. With a deep sigh the rider alighted and threw his bridle to a groom.

"Well, sir?" said the man, inquiringly.

"Oh, for goodness' sake, send them back," exclaimed the President. "I ordered horses—not rabbits!"

Next to horseback-riding as an outdoor exercise, Mr. Roosevelt esteems walking. But walking with him is not a leisurely stroll through the woods and fields or over beaten roads, but the strenuous sort which makes the nerves tingle as well as the blood. His great delight, when he needs a change from his usual canter, is to gather a group of congenial spirits and make a dash "on shanks' trotters" through the country on the outskirts of Washington, coming in at their head on the return as fresh as a daisy, while his companions trudge off in search of bath and bed. It gives him particular pleasure, in organizing a walking party, to include at least one untried man. Such a tramp as he lays out enables him to measure the novitiate's mettle.

One fine day about two years ago, he invited a few friends to an afternoon spin up the shore of the Potomac. A special invitation was extended to a newly appointed bureau chief on whom the President was depending for some courageous but delicate work. The chief was young, lithe of build, athletic in appearance, and it seemed desirable to put him to a test of endurance and ingenuity. Another person favored was an office-holder with a fair reputation for grit but too large a girth for his own good; the idea was to reduce this a little. The President, of course, set the pace with his long quick stride, and the rest ambled after as best they could. The shore path was pleasant enough and not too difficult till a point was reached where a stone-quarry jutted out into the river. The workmen had put a cable over one of the rocks which ran straight down into the water, to help them crawl around it; there was a boat at hand, also, for the use of any one who was afraid to trust himself to the cable.

The party halted only a moment—just long enough to see how the land lay. "The boat for me," said a Senator who, though proportioned for agility, was a little out of practise and had a great respect for his own dignity. "For me, too," said the stout office-holder, dropping in after the Senator and making a place ready for the President. "Meet me on the other side," laughed the President, and started across the sheer face of the rock, disdaining the aid of the cable, but using toes and finger-tips to clutch at the little niches left by the blasts. If he had missed his hold anywhere, he would have had a souse in ten feet of muddy water. But he didn't. His son Theodore and the new bureau chief followed where he led. All got home in safety some time after nightfall, and the next day the gossip of the town was their adventure at the big quarry rock. The minor members called it "scaling the Matterhorn"; the President called it "bully."

Mr. Roosevelt's love of family and home amounts to a passion. I remember one evening when, to a party of friends around his table, he had been describing with his usual enthusiasm the delights of his life on the Western plains, and some one turned to him with the remark: "With your love of that free existence, I wonder you ever settled down in the humdrum East. Honestly, now, don't you wish you had been born and reared on a ranch?"

An affirmative answer was on the tip of Mr. Roosevelt's tongue when he suddenly paused, and cast a quick glance, plainly involuntary and almost embarrassed, past the questioner, where it settled on our hostess with an expression which could not be mistaken. Then he began, hesitatingly:

"No, because——"

"I know why," exclaimed one of the ladies.

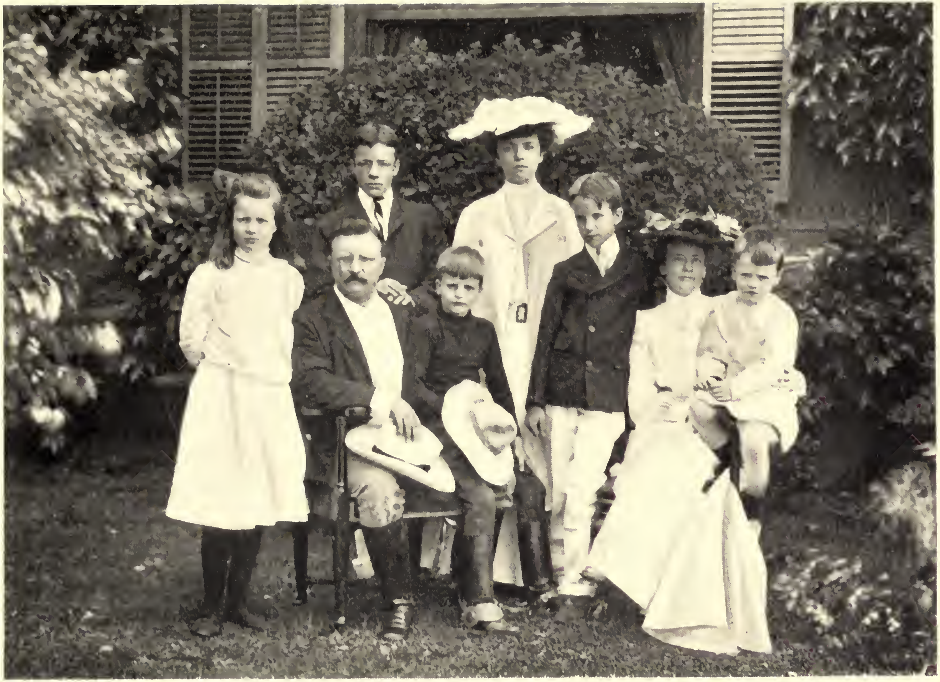
"Why?" he asked, with an air of challenge.

"Because you would not then have known Mrs. Roosevelt."

"That was what I was going to say," he confessed. It was a tribute straight from the heart.

The persistency of his refusal to let anything interrupt his daily exercise in the open, is matched only by the unfailing regularity of the President's frolic with his children. Of the six, two have now passed beyond the age of rough-and-tumble play, but with the younger ones he can still be a child again for a little while each day. One of his favorite sports in the old times used to be the game of bear. It was played on the floor if in the house, or on the grass outdoors, and on all fours to preserve the dramatic realism. First he was a big bear with a terrifying growl, and the others were the young hunters; then, when they had killed or captured the object of their chase, they became bears in turn and he the hunter. A convenient table or a bush with space to crawl under made a model den for Bruin, and almost anything answered for firearms for his pursuers.

The most uncomfortable feature of the new arrangement of the White House, with the executive offices so far removed from the family



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Ethel. Theodore, Jr. Alice. Kermit. Quentin.
The President. Archibald. Mrs. Roosevelt.

THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

quarters, is that the little people can not peep in from the next room and say good night when the father is burning the midnight oil over his work for the state. It has its advantages from another point of view, however; as there has been no necessity, since the change, for interrupting a Cabinet meeting in order that the President might step into the corridor and "shoo" away two sturdy-lunged boys who were romping there.

The family all have pets and are devoted to them. Archie, next to the youngest lad, has for his chief joy a pony, so ridiculously small that one looks to see the stalwart attendant who accompanies him pick it up and lift it over wet spots and hard places in the road. All the children are brought up to ride, from the time they are large enough to bestride a saddle. This is a part of the program of self-reliance and fearlessness mapped out for them. No veto is put upon their climbing propensities, and they make free with the trees and even with the architecture of the White House. The entire premises are theirs as long as they avoid being nuisances to persons who have business there.

The President's letter on "race suicide," printed as a preface to Mrs. Van Vorst's book, "The Woman Who Toils," has been so perverted in meaning by some writers who have commented on it, that the mass of the public who have not read its text have obtained a very strange idea of his views. The kernel of this deliverance is to be found in two sentences: "If a man or woman, through no fault of his or hers, goes throughout life deprived of those highest of all joys which spring only from home life, from the having and bringing up of many healthy children, I feel for them deep and respectful sympathy. . . . But the man or woman who deliberately avoids marriage and has a heart so cold as to know no passion and a brain so shallow and selfish as to dislike children, is in effect a criminal against the race and should be an object of contemptuous abhorrence by all healthy people." The letter is not, as so widely represented, an instigation to a riot of physical forces in mankind, but an appeal to the moral being. It is merely a protest against a form of selfishness which robs nature of her perfect work.

No better place than this, perhaps, can be found for mentioning one other trait of the President's which in our age of easy morals gives its possessor a certain distinction. It bore fruit in a general order issued to the army by his direction in March, 1902, aimed against strong drink and licentiousness, and saying among other things: "It is the duty of regimental and particularly of company officers, to try by precept and example to point out to the men under their control, and particularly to the younger men, the inevitable misery and disaster which follow upon intemperance and upon moral uncleanliness and vicious living. The officers should, of course, remember always that the effect of what they say must depend largely upon the lives they themselves lead. As a nation, we feel keen pride in the valor, discipline and steadfast endurance of our soldiers, and hand in hand with these qualities must go the virtues of self-restraint, self-respect and self-control."

And in a speech delivered to young men at Oyster Bay he went further and declared: "I am addressing strong, vigorous men who are engaged in the active, hard work of life, and therefore men who will count for good or for evil, and it is peculiarly incumbent upon you who have strength to set a right example to others. I ask you to remember that you can not retain your self-respect if you are loose and foul of tongue, and that a man who is to lead a clean and honorable life must inevitably suffer if his speech likewise is not clean and honorable." It will be a pleasant reflection for Americans that their President is one of those men with whom chastity of living and purity of mind are something more than a mere poetic ideal, and who believe that a race which has been made a little lower than the angels may still be a little higher than the beasts.

Nothing quite like the domestic life of the White House under the present administration has been witnessed before in our generation. Both the President and Mrs. Roosevelt are fond of their kind. The gratification of their social instinct takes the form of making their home a meeting-ground for persons both interesting and interested. The conventional bounds of so-called "society" are unknown to them when it comes to bringing such persons together. Men and women with live qualities, those who have done or are doing some good work in the world, are their favorite guests. It may be to-day a clergyman whose pulpit fills the smallest place in his ambition and his "neighborhood club" the largest; to-morrow a labor leader whose organization has made itself respected not only by its fair treatment of the employer class but by its admirable discipline within its own membership; the next day a professional musician, or an explorer who has brought to light something that escaped all his predecessors in the same field, or the author of an epoch-making book.

All sorts and conditions of men, in short, gather at the President's round table of democracy. The social censors are becomingly shocked, of course. They can not but think that it cheapens the atmosphere of the first home in the land to bring so many persons into it, on a footing of equality, who are not familiar with the drawing-room code. They forget that achievement creates an aristocracy of its own, and that work for the world is the best breeding a man can enjoy, since it stimulates in him those traits of sincerity and self-forgetfulness which lie at the foundation of all good manners.

Of the great receptions and state dinners it is needless to speak, as this class of functions varies from administration to administration only with the personalities of the men and women who attend them. The Roosevelts have improved upon precedent, it is true, by reducing the "crushes" to endurable proportions and trying to make the political dinners a little less dreary. They have also introduced two novelties—the periodical musicale in winter, and the garden-party in the season of green grass and flowers. The distinctive social feature of the administration is found in the private life of the Roosevelts. The hospitalities they dispense there are as unpretentious as their guests. This enables them to "keep open house" all the time. Simple little dinners, confined to a half-dozen friends, are their favorite entertainments. Enough formality is observed in the invitations to enable the persons invited to accommodate their other engagements to these, but that is all, and the notice may be very short.

Luncheon is informal in every respect, including invitations. A morning caller who does not get through his talk may be invited on the spot to come back at half past one, and an order sent to the steward to lay an additional plate. A telephone message, out of a clear sky as it were, may summon another guest, if the President happens to think suddenly of some one with whom he wishes to have a few minutes' chat away from the official environment. Scarcely a Cabinet day goes by without one or more members staying after the morning meeting to lunch with the President.

Nothing like this absolutely unconventional freedom has been known since the civil war raised the scale of living in the White House as everywhere else. If all his unofficial entertaining were not done in the most modest fashion, Mr. Roosevelt's purse could not stand the drain, for in spite of the general impression otherwise, he is not a rich man and never was. His private means are an inheritance from his father. The father was a very well-to-do citizen for his day, but his day was one of smaller things, and his estate had to be divided between five children.

Theodore, who had no start in the world but this, was not built for a money-maker. All his occupations have been such as consumed his substance, and he has always refused to recoup his expenditures by anything that savored of speculation. To have done that would have violated a general scruple he entertains against gambling. It might also have involved him, with however innocent intent, in enterprises liable to be helped or embarrassed by his action as a public officer. As it is, he is one of the few men in American political life who have been for twenty years unceasingly in the public eye, against whom not even a hint has been thrown out on this score.

But for the constant demand the publishers have made upon him he would have been in financial discomfort more than once; and this regardless of the fact that in dress, house-rent, and other necessary objects of expenditure, his family have never practised any more extravagance than in matters of pure luxury. Their habit has been to have that which was required by the passing conditions of their life, and as good of its kind as they could afford, and stop there; and they have carried into the White House the same generous but quiet manner of living which characterized them outside.

Stories told about the President for the sake of making some particular trait conspicuous, often overshoot the mark. Not a few of these deal with him on his religious side. A clergyman, for example, is quoted as telling how Mr. Roosevelt, in the full bloom of his early manhood, left the Protestant Episcopal communion "because he had tired of its inanities," and was "attracted into the Reformed [Dutch] church by its robust virility." This narrative is interesting, but it lacks certain essentials of veracious history: Mr. Roosevelt could not have quitted a church with which he never was connected, nor could he have left it to enter a church of which he was already a member. The records show that he joined the Middle Collegiate church, in Second Avenue near Seventh Street, New York City, on December 2, 1874, when he was sixteen years old, and never withdrew from that connection. His father and grandfather were members of the same church, so that in a sense he may be considered to have been born into it.

Mrs. Roosevelt was brought up a Protestant Episcopalian, and at various times in their married life, while moving from place to place, they have attended Sunday services together. Since their last advent in Washington they have divided, the President going to a Reformed church in Fifteenth Street, about ten minutes' walk from the White House, and Mrs. Roosevelt to old St. John's, just across Lafayette Square. Some of the children accompany one parent and some the other.

Although the clergyman quoted went a good way astray on his facts, the idea he was trying to bring out was correct, that Mr. Roosevelt is contemptuous of mere formalism in religion as everywhere else. With ecclesiastical polemics he has as little patience as with cant. His name belongs somewhere in Abou Ben Adhem's list, with those whose first thought is practical humanity; and by this standard he measures the religious quality in others. It makes absolutely no difference to him whether the men with whom he has to do are Jews or Gentiles, Catholics or Protestants, Christians, Deists or Agnostics, as long as they live up to the best that is in them: he is with them then in spirit, whatever form or absence of form may distinguish their worship. He has no use for the devotee who praises God in the abstract and neglects his fellow man in the concrete. He professes Christianity himself, as he professes Republicanism, not because it is the only faith that draws good men to it, but because it contains most that appeals to him; his is the sort of Christianity that embraces whatever is best in all religions, and derives its vitality from its moral rather than its ritual code.

CHAPTER XIX

CONCLUSION

Unique feature of Mr. Roosevelt's career—Purpose of this review —The future.

IN one respect the career of Theodore Roosevelt is almost unique in our modern public life: the American people have watched him grow. Most of his contemporaries who have become powerful and famous have burst upon the notice of their fellow countrymen within a very short time of the attainment of their highest ambitions. Lincoln had cut but a small figure in Congress before his nomination for President. Grant was earning a precarious livelihood in the back country when called to his first command in the civil war. Cleveland compassed the whole stride from mayor of an interior city to President-elect of the United States in two years. But thousands of citizens in remote quarters of the Union had heard, as long ago as 1883, of that curio in rough-and-tumble politics:

the young "dude lawmaker" at Albany whose speeches were verbal cataracts bursting through clenched teeth, who hunted jobbery in term-time and grizzly bears in recess, and who was not too good or nice to hobnob with his colleagues of all classes.

They had their interest quickened when they saw this extraordinary youngster of twenty-six heading his State delegation to the Republican national convention at Chicago, to resist in vain the nomination of Blaine for President. They recognized in him the true popular leader when he coined for the Erie Railroad ring and their corrupt coparceners the title, "the wealthy criminal classes." They saw him come to the front in national affairs when as Civil Service Commissioner, the war-club of reform in hand, he dealt blow after blow on the heads of bigger men till he had made them respect the Commission and bow to its authority. They saw him later bring order into a chaotic naval establishment, and prepare it for instant service in a war which was to restore its old prestige. They read of the Rough Riders' campaign, and abated none of their liking for its author because, in his youthful enthusiasm, he felt as if the whole conquest of Cuba had been the achievement of his regiment. They smiled a little at the whirlwind of felt hats and khaki breeches that swept over New York in the guise of a canvass for the Governorship, but were not sorry when the settling dust revealed the young soldier seated in the executive chair. Then came the unparalleled scenes at Philadelphia ending in his nomination for the Vice-Presidency, and his novel methods, after election, as steersman of the Senate's deliberations.

This series of events was but a long-drawn prelude to the drama of an administration quite as individual in its way as any of the traits of the picturesque figure at the head of it. It had prepared the people to know the man as no other President had been known. They felt almost as if they had been his neighbors from his childhood up. Though to his actual intimates he was always Theodore, to the great mass of the populace he was "Teddy"—the boy who had developed under their own eyes from a precocious beginner to a well-rounded man of affairs.

It can not truthfully be said that such familiarity is always of advantage to its object. The babe whose birth we recall never quite matures in our imagination. Any mistake of judgment he commits at forty-five we are apt to attribute to his general mental unripeness, almost as we did the follies of his infancy. Theodore Roosevelt is in double danger of suffering injustice in this way, because his natural exuberance of manner intensifies the illusion of his youthfulness. He is now really past the age which science has fixed as the meridian of the human powers, yet in the popular fancy he is still, and probably will always remain, the breezy lad of the early nineties.

Nevertheless, his growth has been real. He is a larger and broader man than he was when he began his Presidency. He was then laboring under a sense of the tremendous responsibility so suddenly thrust upon him, and the sobering effect of that experience added ten years to his maturity in as many days. Every succeeding twelvemonth has carried him further in the same direction. He has made his mistakes; he will make more of them, unless he ceases to be human—which for his sake and ours alike may Heaven forfend, since his red-blooded humanity is what makes him lovable with all his faults.

Calmly reviewing his career, the nation has cause to be devoutly thankful that he came to its highest office over so terrible a road. The cloud of sorrow and shame that hung over the whole country was bound to be impressive in itself, but its effect on him was deepened by the realization that he had simply succeeded to a trust, to carry to completion the policies mapped out by his predecessor. This curbed the impetuous impulses which might have wrecked his administration had he originally entered the White House by virtue of a popular majority in his own right. The interval preceding his appearance as a candidate for the Presidency itself has been sufficient to cool his first ardor and readjust his point of view on many matters of grave public concern. As a man of conscience and conviction, he doubtless would have got himself under some restraint in any event, but perhaps in no other circumstances under so much.

My task is almost finished. The reader was duly warned in its preface that it was not to be a biography. It is not even a well-balanced and fully colored portrait. I have aimed merely to give Americans of the rank and file a little more vivid impression of the American at the front. Albeit the people have watched the development of his career from the start, most of them have remained necessarily at a distance. I have tried to bring them closer to him, so that, without losing their perspective view of the leader, they could see more of the man.

For every one touch of nature that I have tried to put into the picture I have had to leave a dozen out. For instance, while I have made no attempt to minimize Mr. Roosevelt's mistakes, I might have gone further and shown how carefully he avoids making the same mistake twice. I have alluded to his versatility; but I did not mention the time I found him, while waiting for an important conference, refreshing his mind for a few minutes with an Italian text of Dante in one hand and Carlyle's translation in the other. I have spoken of his contempt for mere formalism; but I might have added that, though insisting upon all the respect due to the Presidential office as much when he as when another fills it, he has never yet become accustomed to taking precedence of Mrs. Roosevelt or to going through a door before any woman.

The stories printed about him are as the sands of the sea for multitude, and perhaps equally trustworthy as a foundation to build on. Sometimes their fault lies deep in their own constitution. A French journalist who had been traveling in the United States wrote for his dear public in Paris an account of a luncheon to which he was invited at the White House, and described the adjournment of the host and the male guests afterward to one of the parlors. The President, he said, was in the midst of his cigar and engaged in telling a good story, when one of the liveried lackeys reminded him that smoking was not allowed in that room. So the whole party was compelled to remove to a corridor, where the President, though meekly obedient, held forth with much eloquence on the nuisance of a system which gave the servants of the executive mansion so much authority over its official occupant. I regret to say that this entertaining narrative was widely copied, with the insignia of belief, in the American press. Its percentage of truth each reader may calculate for himself, by bearing in mind that the White House has no liveried lackeys, and that the President never has used tobacco in his life. And yet this is as near as most of the stories get to the truth.

Sometimes these tales are only half told, and it is usually the better half that is missing. When Mr. Roosevelt was Vice-President he violated all precedent by appointing a colored man a messenger in the Senate. The fact was published from Maine to California, but not the reason, which was far more interesting. This man he had found at Albany, a messenger in the Governor's office, holding over from the days of Roswell P. Flower. A boy baby was born to the messenger. Had he been a sycophant or a time-server, he would have remembered that Mr. Flower was a Democrat and had ceased to be useful as a patron, while Mr. Roosevelt was a Republican with possible favors to bestow; but in defiance of the dictates of policy, he named the child in honor of Mr. Flower and frankly told Mr. Roosevelt that he had done this because Mr. Flower had been good to him. He had little suspicion of the impression that trifling incident made upon the mind of his new chief, with whom loyalty stands forth as the first among virtues. From that day the negro became a fixture with Mr. Roosevelt, who brought him from Albany to Washington the instant a place could be found to put him into.

Mr. Roosevelt has been represented as pretty nearly everything he is not: as "bidding for the labor vote" because the door of the White House now swings open as freely to the man who works with his hands as to the man who works with his head; as the foe of capital, because he has demanded that the rich shall obey the law as well as the poor; as a negro-worshiper, because he has insisted that a black skin covers the same body of human rights as a white one; as the slave of a political machine, because, instead of destroying an agency which his next successor would only restore, he has tried to turn it to some purpose not unworthy; as a rash and hare-brained youth, because he does what other men are thinking.

In my endeavor to dispel some of these arbitrary misconceptions, I have aimed not to argue his cause, but simply to present as honest a sketch as I could of the Theodore Roosevelt I have known. In the end we must judge him by the use he has made of his own talents in the light of his own moral promptings, and this requires that we shall have before us an actuality, not an ideal; a living being, not a mere mental image conjured up by the politicians or by the capitalists or by the demagogues; a portrait, not of the man as he might have been, or of the man as we might have liked to find him, or of the man we think we should have been in his place, but of the man as he is. Of that man—the real Man

Roosevelt—each reader must form his individual estimate.

Almost as I am writing these last lines in a book which has been in the best sense a labor of love, the peace of the night is broken by the screech of steam whistles, the blare of horns, and the clang of many bells, while the deep-voiced clock in a neighboring room strikes the hour of twelve. The din outside is the city's welcome to a year just born.

We do these things oddly. Our solemn times are those we greet with deafening clamor. Before this new year follows the old into the silent halls of history, we shall go through another period of uproar. Amid bursting bombs, the roll of drums, the hiss of rockets and the crash of military bands, the citizens of our republic will be called to the most sacred duty that devolves on a free people—the choice of a servant who shall be also their chief ruler.

Upon whom will the honor fall? What form will it take? Will it be a summons to an untried hand, or a verdict of "Well done"?

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